CDC
FIGHTIN' MARINES
10¢

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No 16

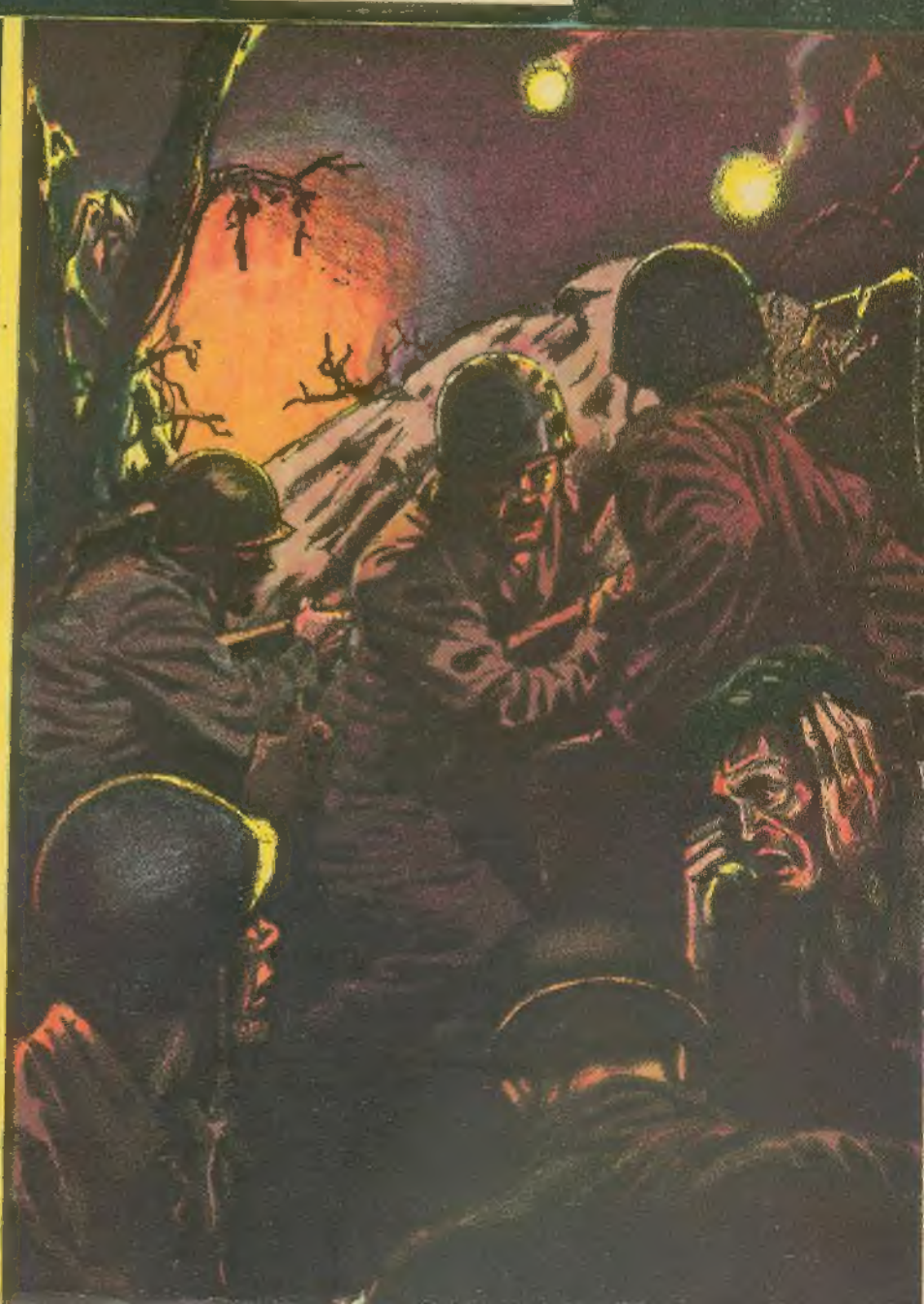
10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

CANTEEN KATE

LEATHERNECK JACK

TRIPOLI SHORES



FRONTLINE PRIVATE

Private George O'Brien had been the happiest man in his Marine company when he arrived in Korea. Then he became the gloomiest although no one knew the reason why.

O'Brien had been in Korea since the fighting started, but as a tank repairman he had never been close enough to the front to handle a rifle. Once when a few stray enemy shells had burst in a gulley behind the lines, O'Brien had received a minor shrapnel wound in his left arm. It had kept him no longer than an hour at the dressing station, and a week later he was sent over to his battalion headquarters where he received a Purple Heart.

But months later nobody remembered that O'Brien had ever been wounded. His sergeant stepped over to where O'Brien was working on a broken tank track one day and asked him if he'd like three days at the rest camp.

"You haven't been off duty according to company records," the sergeant told him. "Up till now we've been short on men."

"If the choice is left to me, Sergeant, I'd as soon spend a few days up front as one of a tank crew."

The sergeant frowned. "Are you kidding, O'Brien? The fighting isn't over yet. There's plenty of action going on, and you've as good a chance as anyone of being killed if you ride up there in one of these General Shermans."

O'Brien dropped a wrench and wiped his greasy hands on a rag. "I'm not worried about being killed," he sighed gloomily. "Take the matter up with the captain, and let me know."

The captain was puzzled by O'Brien's request, but granted it. The next day Private George O'Brien was grinning as he joined a tank crew that was one of a column moving toward the front where an enemy break-through was threatening.

Their route followed a low, rocky ridge and then across a narrow plain that was pockmarked with shellholes and strewn with the blasted wrecks of enemy supply trucks that had been caught behind an offensive that had failed three months earlier. Across the plain a winding road crossed a jagged hill then dipped to a sector behind the front where the ground was a rugged maze of short ridges and gulleys.

When the tanks rumbled down the hill all that could be seen ahead was an occasional burst of machine gun fire. The Marines were dug in new defense positions, waiting for the tanks to lead a counter-offensive.

Crawling from their foxholes, the Marines braved sniper fire to move in behind the protective hulks of the tanks. Speed was reduced, and Private George O'Brien experienced for the first time the feeling of moving into battle.

Aerial observation had failed to note that the North Koreans had brought up heavy field pieces during the night, so the shelling that started came as a grim surprise. The Marines on foot fell back for cover, but the tanks pushed on, their seventy-five millimeter guns destroying three North Korean gun posts that appeared to be the ones scoring the closest misses.

But the terrain was too rough for the tanks in a duel with anti-tank guns. One tank struck a mine and was disabled. Then two tanks received direct hits, stalling them. Lieutenant Wagner in the tank George O'Brien was riding in, swerved his vehicle sharply to head for the protection of a small, rocky mound. But they never made it. The next thing O'Brien knew was that the tank had been stalled, and a thousand hammers were pounding on his head.

Acrid smoke stung his nostrils as he groped his way to the hatch. Vaguely he remembered crawling over a body before he heaved himself out. On the hard ground he began to crawl. The ringing in his ears was so loud that he failed to hear the whine of a shell. A second later his head and back were showered with loose dirt and rocks.

O'Brien's senses came back suddenly after he had tumbled into a shallow trench. He drew his forty-five calibre automatic from its holster, and raised his head cautiously. He saw the tank crews running in single file toward the cover taken by the Marines who had been on foot. But two of the tank crews went down in their tracks as enemy riflemen opened fire.

O'Brien had no intention of leaving his shallow trench right away. It was good cover, but as more of the enemy took advantage of the situation, his chance of joining the others would become very slim.

"The Marines aren't going to take this sitting down!" O'Brien assured himself. "Our fly boys will make up for their poor observation by coming over and plastering these Reds with five hundred pounders. Then more tanks and men will move up, and we'll send the Commies back where they came from."

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

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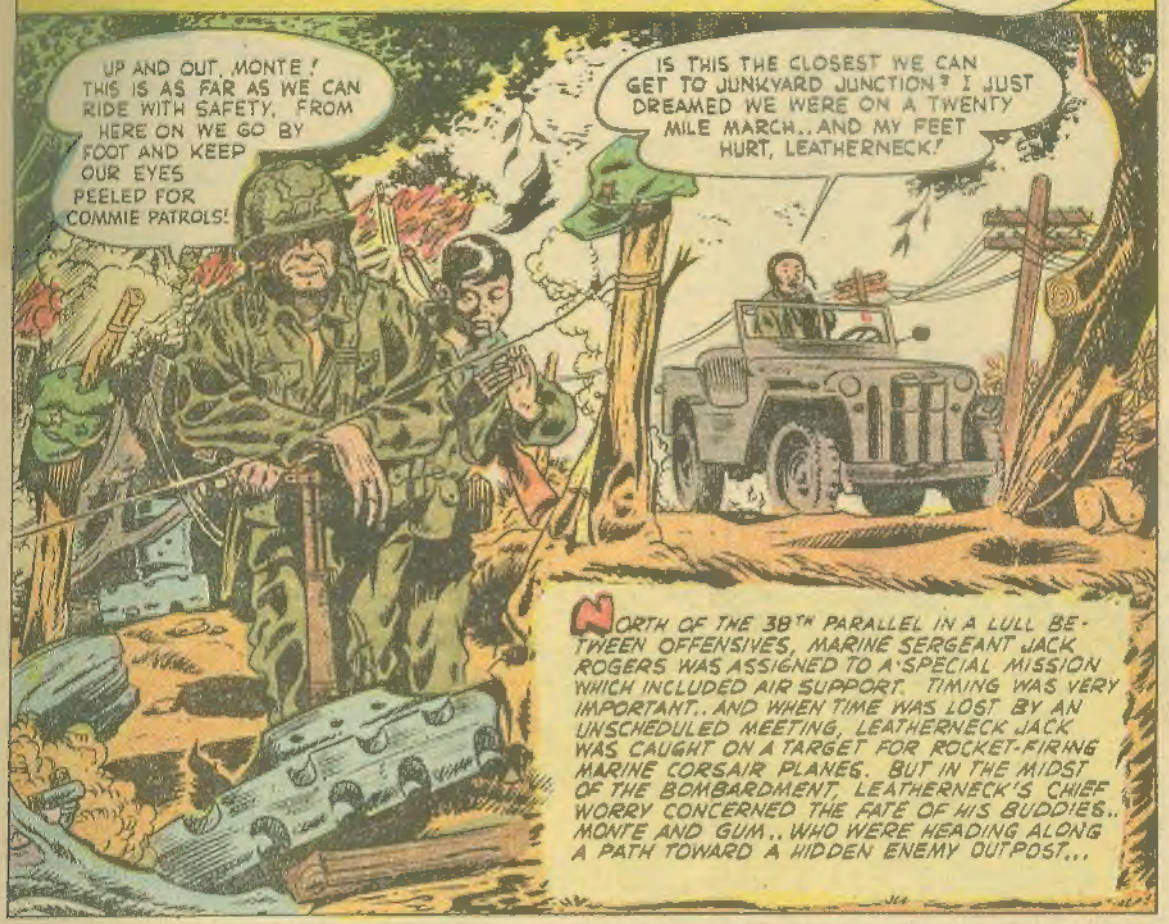
Leatherneck Jack in Blitz at Junkyard Junction


UP AND OUT, MONTE! THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN RIDE WITH SAFETY. FROM HERE ON WE GO BY FOOT AND KEEP OUR EYES PEELED FOR COMMIE PATROLS!
IS THIS THE CLOSEST WE CAN GET TO JUNKYARD JUNCTION? I JUST DREAMED WE WERE ON A TWENTY MILE MARCH.. AND MY FEET HURT, LEATHERNECK!
NORTH OF THE 38TH PARALLEL IN A LULL BETWEEN OFFENSIVES, MARINE SERGEANT JACK ROGERS WAS ASSIGNED TO A SPECIAL MISSION WHICH INCLUDED AIR SUPPORT. TIMING WAS VERY IMPORTANT.. AND WHEN TIME WAS LOST BY AN UNSCHEDULED MEETING, LEATHERNECK JACK WAS CAUGHT ON A TARGET FOR ROCKET-FIRING MARINE CORSAIR PLANES. BUT IN THE MIDST OF THE BOMBARDMENT, LEATHERNECK'S CHIEF WORRY CONCERNED THE FATE OF HIS BUDDIES.. MONTE AND GUM.. WHO WERE HEADING ALONG A PATH TOWARD A HIDDEN ENEMY OUTPOST...

THE COMMIES HAVE INSTALLED AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY ABOVE JUNKYARD JUNCTION, MANNED BY A SKELETON CREW. WE'RE GOING TO JUMP 'EM WHILE THEY'RE FIRING AT TWO CORSAIRS THAT ARE COMING OVER AT 1600!
WE'D BETTER HUSTLE. IT'S THREE-THIRTY NOW, SO WE'VE GOT ONLY A HALF HOUR TO SNEAK UP ON THE BATTERY. THERE ARE A FEW BOMBED-OUT HOUSES BEHIND THOSE TREES, QUARTER MILE AHEAD!

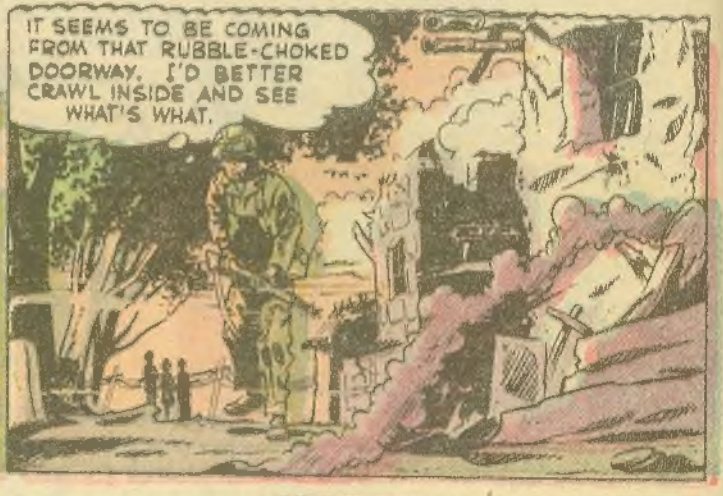
WE'VE GOT TO PASS THOSE HOUSES TO REACH JUNKYARD JUNCTION. MY SPECIAL JOB IS TO DISMANTLE A RADAR CONTROLLED GUN-SIGHT, A NEW DEVICE DEVELOPED BY THE RUSSIANS.. AND TOTE IT BACK FOR OUR ORDNANCE EXPERTS TO EXAMINE!

AS THE TWO MARINES, AND GUM, THE ROK PRIVATE ATTACHED TO THEIR UNIT APPROACH THE BOMBED-OUT HAMLET, A SULTRY STRANGER RUSHES FORTH TO MEET THEM...

NIFTY LITTLE PACKAGE, AIN'T SHE, LEATHERNECK? SUPPOSE SHE'S INVITIN' US FOR TEA?
YEAH! FLAVORED WITH CYANIDE! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HER LINGO, BUT YOU CAN SEE SHE'S USING A FAST LINE ON GUM!

GIRL SAY SHE BELONG SOUTH. SHE ESCAPE FROM BUNCH OF PRISONERS REDS MAKE MARCH NORTH!
WE'VE HEARD THAT STORY BEFORE, GUM. YOU AND MONTE HOLD HER WHILE I CHECK THE HOUSES TO SEE WHO SHE'S COVERING UP FOR.

PROWLING THROUGH THE APPARENTLY DESERTED HAMLET, LEATHERNECK JACK CATCHES A TAPPING SOUND LIKE THAT OF A HAMMER STRIKING METAL...

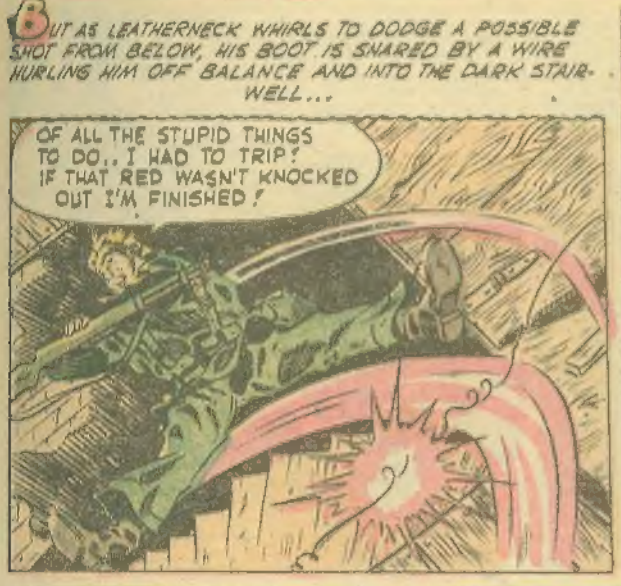


FROM THE DOORWAY, LEATHERNECK CRAWLS THROUGH A TUNNEL TO WHAT IS LEFT OF A ROOM IN THE REAR OF THE BUILDING. THERE HE DISCOVERS A CHINESE RED WORKING OVER A RADIO TRANSMITTER...

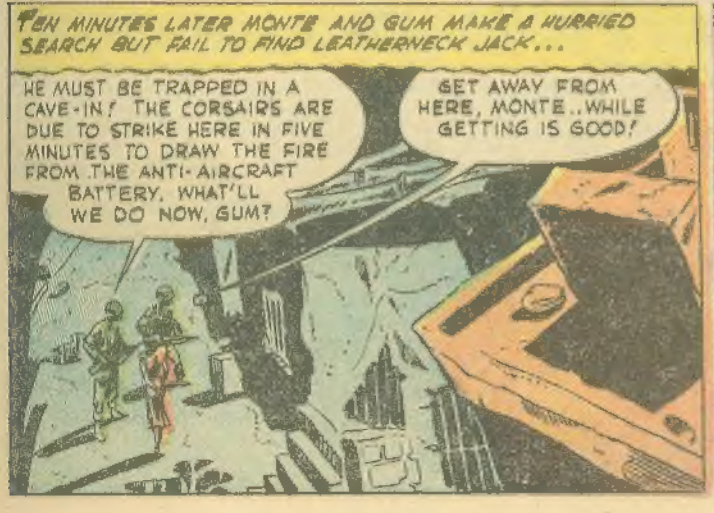
SETTING UP A HIDDEN COMMUNICATIONS POST, WITH GASOLINE POWERED GENERATORS AND EVERYTHING. BUT HE'S MAKING SO MUCH NOISE HE WON'T HEAR ME!

IN THE LIGHTNING SCUFFLE, NEITHER LEATHERNECK NOR THE CHINESE DRAWS A HIT.. BUT LEATHERNECK IS MORE NIMBLE THAN HIS OPPONENT!
ANOTHER STEP AND HE'LL BE OFF BALANCE!
DOWN THE RATHOLE, YOU!

SCREAMING A GIBBERISH OF ORIENTAL OATHS, THE RED SOLDIER PLUNGES BACKWARD TO THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE STAIR-WELL.. WITH A SLAMMING ASSIST FROM THE ANGERED MARINE SERGEANT...
AND IF THAT DOESN'T FIX YOU, CRAWL BACK UP AND I WILL!


BUT AS LEATHERNECK WHIRLS TO DODGE A POSSIBLE SHOT FROM BELOW, HIS BOOT IS SNARED BY A WIRE HURLING HIM OFF BALANCE AND INTO THE DARK STAIR-WELL...
OF ALL THE STUPID THINGS TO DO.. I HAD TO TRIP! IF THAT RED WASN'T KNOCKED OUT I'M FINISHED!

STRIKING HIS FOREHEAD SHARPLY ON THE EDGE OF A STEP, LEATHERNECK TUMBLES UNCONSCIOUS ONTO THE SPRAWLED FIGURE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS...


TEN MINUTES LATER MONTE AND GUM MAKE A HURRIED SEARCH BUT FAIL TO FIND LEATHERNECK JACK...
HE MUST BE TRAPPED IN A CAVE-IN! THE CORSAIRS ARE DUE TO STRIKE HERE IN FIVE MINUTES TO DRAW THE FIRE FROM THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY. WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, GUM?
GET AWAY FROM HERE, MONTE..WHILE GETTING IS GOOD!

THIS IS A FINE MESS! WE CAN'T JUMP THE A.A. BATTERY CREW WITHOUT LEATHERNECK! HE'S GOT THE MAP SHOWING THE GUN EMPLACEMENT!
AN' IF SARGE NOT ALREADY HURT, ROCKET FIRE FROM PLANES WILL BE END OF HIM!

MEANWHILE LEATHERNECK HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES...

ALL I'VE GOT IS A HEADACHE AND A BRUISE.. BUT THAT COMMIE WASN'T SO LUCKY WHEN HE TUMBLED DOWN. I'VE GOT TO HURRY IF WE'RE GOING TO BE READY TO JUMP THE CHINESE GUN BATTERY WHEN THE CORSAIRS SWOOP OVER!

CRAWLING THROUGH THE TUNNEL TO THE STREET, LEATHERNECK JACK SCRAMBLES UP THE ONLY ROOF LEFT STANDING...

THERE THEY ARE... HEY! MONTE! GUM!
THEY'RE TOO FAR TO HEAR ME! AND SHE'S LEADING THEM TOWARD JUNKYARD JUNCTION.. AND THE CHINESE BATTERY!

I'VE GOT TO RUN WITHIN SHOUTING DISTANCE AND WARN THEM TO TURN BACK OR THAT SLINKY KOREAN DOLL WILL LEAD THEM INTO THE HANDS OF THAT RED GUN CREW! BUT..HERE COME THE CORSAIRS! I'M TOO LATE! I'M TRAPPED!

IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF I LIVE THROUGH THIS RAIN OF ROCKETS.. BUT I'VE GOT TO CRAWL OUT SOMEHOW TO WARN MONTE AND GUM BEFORE THE DOLL LEADS THEM OVER THE HILL!

EMPTYING THEIR ROCKET RACKS, THE CORSAIRS ZOOM FOR COVER THROUGH LOW HANGING CLOUDS. BUT FROM BEHIND THE HILL, RADAR CONTROLLED GUN SIGHTS TRAIN A BARRAGE OF BURSTING ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS.

THEY HIT ONE OF OUR CORSAIRS, BUT THE PILOT BAILED OUT! HE OUGHT TO LAND ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS FROM HERE. LET'S GO, GUM!
LUCKY FOR US, MONTE! THIS GIRL TAKING US TO CHINESE GUN POST! I KEEP BEHIND HER NOW!

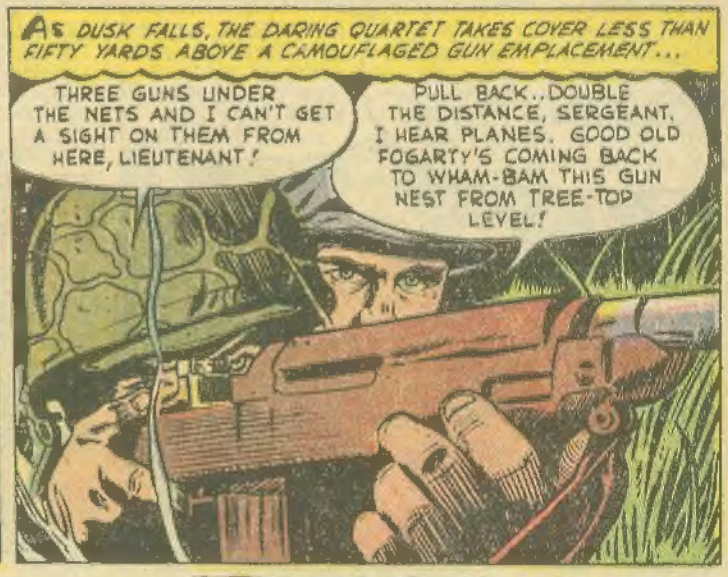
LEATHERNECK JACK HAS MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED UNHURT AND RUSHES TO JOIN THEM...

HEY, FELLAS! DON'T TURN YOUR BACKS ON THAT DOLL! SHE'S A NORTH KOREAN.. AND IT'S BECAUSE OF HER OUR PLAN WAS RUINED!
YEAH, WE KNOW, JACK! NOW THAT IT'S TOO LATE!

THERE'S CORSAIR PILOT!
NOW WE'LL BE SUNK IF WE DON'T ACT SWIFTLY! THE CHINESE WILL SEND A PATROL OVER THE HILL TO SEARCH FOR HIM. WE'VE GOT TO WORK OUR WAY AROUND AND THEN JUMP THEIR GUN CREW BEFORE THEY SPOT US!
I'LL JOIN YOU, SERGEANT! I'VE GOT A PERSONAL SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THOSE COMMIES!

AT LEATHERNECK'S DIRECTION, GUM LEADS THE RED KOREAN GIRL INTO A THICKET AT THE BASE OF A HILL AND MAKES SURE SHE WONT ESCAPE.!
SHE'S LESS LIKELY TO BETRAY US IF WE LEAVE HER HERE

THREE CHINESE REDS SLIPPING DOWN FROM THE FAR SIDE, LEATHERNECK. HOLD IT TILL THEY PASS!
OKAY, MONTE..THEN WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST AROUND THE TOP RIDGE ON THIS SIDE AND CREEP DOWN ON THE BATTERY!


AS DUSK FALLS, THE DARING QUARTET TAKES COVER LESS THAN FIFTY YARDS ABOVE A CAMOUFLAGED GUN EMPLACEMENT...
THREE GUNS UNDER THE NETS AND I CAN'T GET A SIGHT ON THEM FROM HERE, LIEUTENANT!
PULL BACK..DOUBLE THE DISTANCE, SERGEANT. I HEAR PLANES. GOOD OLD FOGARTY'S COMING BACK TO WHAM-BAM THIS GUN NEST FROM TREE-TOP LEVEL!

THE CHINESE GUN CREW SCRAMBLES MADLY AROUND THE BATTERY FOR THE RADAR SIGHTS ARE OF NO USE AGAINST A LOW-FLYING ATTACK...

JELLIED GASOLINE AND FRAGMENTATION BOMBS BURST ON THE TARGET... AND AS THE CORSAIRS BANK SHARPLY AGAINST THE HILLSIDE, THE QUARTET CHARGES THE BATTERY...

I PICKED OFF THREE!
ME SAME! BUT THERE ARE MORE.. WATCH OUT, SARGE!
THE CORSAIRS' STRIKE HAS DAMAGED THE RUSSIAN MADE A.A. GUNS, BUT TEAMWORK IS NECESSARY TO CLEAN OUT THE SURVIVING CHINESE.
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, GUM! COVER ME WHILE I BLAST ANY WHO MAY BE AROUND THE BACK OF THIS BUNKER!
SURE, MONTE. JUMP AHEAD!
WE'VE MADE A CLEAN SWEEP LEATHERNECK! GUM AN' ME BEEN TAKIN' TURNS COVERIN' EACH OTHER WHILE YOU AN' THE LIEUTENANT MOPPED UP DOWN IN FRONT! ANY FLEE THAT WAY?
NO. I THINK WE'VE BLASTED THE LAST OF 'EM.. EXCEPT THE THREE WHO WENT OVER THE RIDGE ON PATROL.
LET'S GO, GUM! WHILE THE SARGE TRIES TO PICK UP WHAT'S LEFT OF A RADAR SIGHT, LET'S YOU AN' ME GET THOSE LAST THREE COMMIES!
GOOD! HOPE WE CATCH 'EM BEFORE GIRL WARN 'EM WE HERE!
BUT AS MONTE AND GUM CLAMBER UP THE SLOPE, LEATHERNECK JACK MAKE A DISCOVERY...
ALL THIS TROUBLE FOR NOTHING! JUST TWO OF THE THREE GUNS HAD RADAR SIGHTS AND BOTH ARE SMASHED BEYOND ALL HOPE OF SALVAGE!
YOU CAN'T SCORE ONE HUND' 'D PERCENT ON EVEL. MISSION, LEATHERNECK. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME. AT LEAST THEY LEFT US SOME TRANSPORTATION!
AT THE BOTTOM OF A FOOT PATH WHERE TWO BOMB-SCARRED ROADS CONVERGE ALONG THE BASE OF A HILL, THEY FIND AN UNDAMAGED TRUCK...
NO ONE IN THE BACK OF THIS JALOPY.. ONLY A FEW SEALED CASES... PROBABLY RATIONS.
OKAY, SERGEANT.. THEN I'LL HOP IN AND START THE MOTOR. IF YOUR BUDDIES MAKE OUT WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE, THEY SHOULD BE BACK SOON!

FIGHTIN' MARINES

AS LEATHERNECK RIPS OPEN ONE OF THE CASES IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, MONTE AND GUM RETURN WITH THE NORTH KOREAN GIRL...

HOW'D YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR US? WHERE ARE THE THREE CHINESE WHO WENT OVER THE RIDGE?
THEY STARTED SHOOTING WHEN WE CALLED FOR THEM TO SURRENDER, SO WE LET 'EM HAVE IT! GUM SPOTTED YOU DOWN HERE!

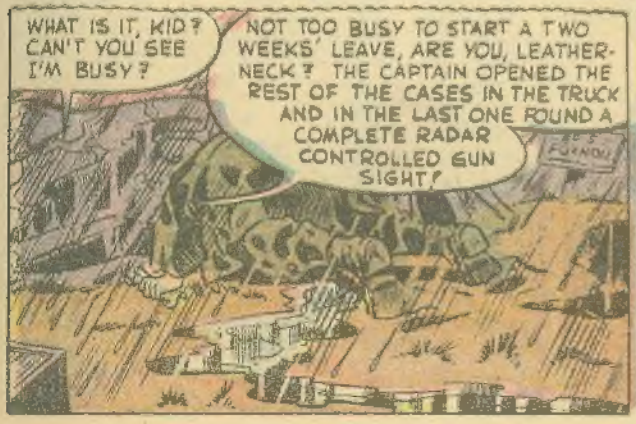
LET 'ER ROLL, LIEUTENANT! YOU MUST HAVE FLOWN OVER THESE ROADS ENOUGH TIMES TO KNOW THE WAY BACK!
HERE WE GO! WHEN WE HIT THE CURVE BELOW YOU'LL SEE WHY THEY CALL IT JUNKYARD JUNCTION.

THIS IS WHAT OUR ARTILLERY DID THE LAST TIME THE REDS TRIED TO ADVANCE ALONG THIS ROAD!
JUNKYARD IS RIGHT! I NEVER SAW SO MANY WRECKED VEHICLES!

AFTER A ROUGH RIDE THROUGH THE DUSK AND A DANGEROUSLY CLOSE VOLLEY FROM MARINE SENTRIES ON THE OUTER PERIMETER OF THE U. N. ADVANCE POSITION, LEATHERNECK REPORTS TO HIS CAPTAIN...

SORRY, SIR. THE BOMBARDMENT WRECKED THE RADAR CONTROLS ON THE CHINESE A.A. GUNS, BUT WE CLEANED OUT THE GUN CREW!
THAT'S TOUGH, ROGERS. I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU A TWO WEEK LEAVE IF YOU BROUGHT BACK ONE OF THOSE NEW SIGHTS!

LATER, AS LEATHERNECK DROPS A LINE TO A BLONDE MILITARY GOVERMENT CLERK IN TOKYO, TELLING HER OF HIS BAD LUCK, A PRIVATE BARGES INTO HIS FOXHOLE...

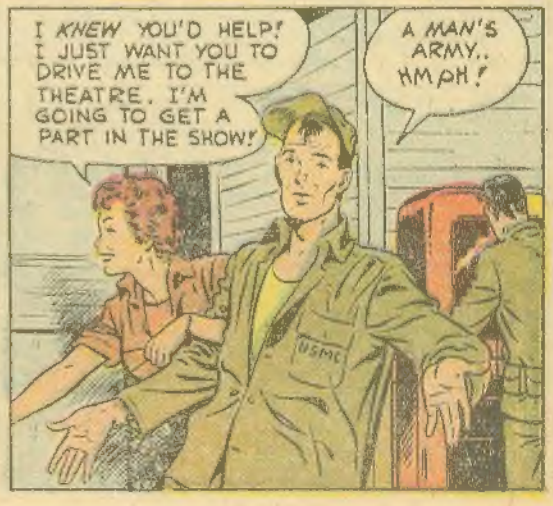

WHAT IS IT, KID? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?
NOT TOO BUSY TO START A TWO WEEKS' LEAVE, ARE YOU, LEATHERNECK? THE CAPTAIN OPENED THE REST OF THE CASES IN THE TRUCK AND IN THE LAST ONE FOUND A COMPLETE RADAR CONTROLLED GUN SIGHT!

KOREA SEEMS LIKE A MILLION MILES AWAY THE NEXT DAY TO LEATHERNECK JACK AFTER HE IS FLOWN TO TOKYO...

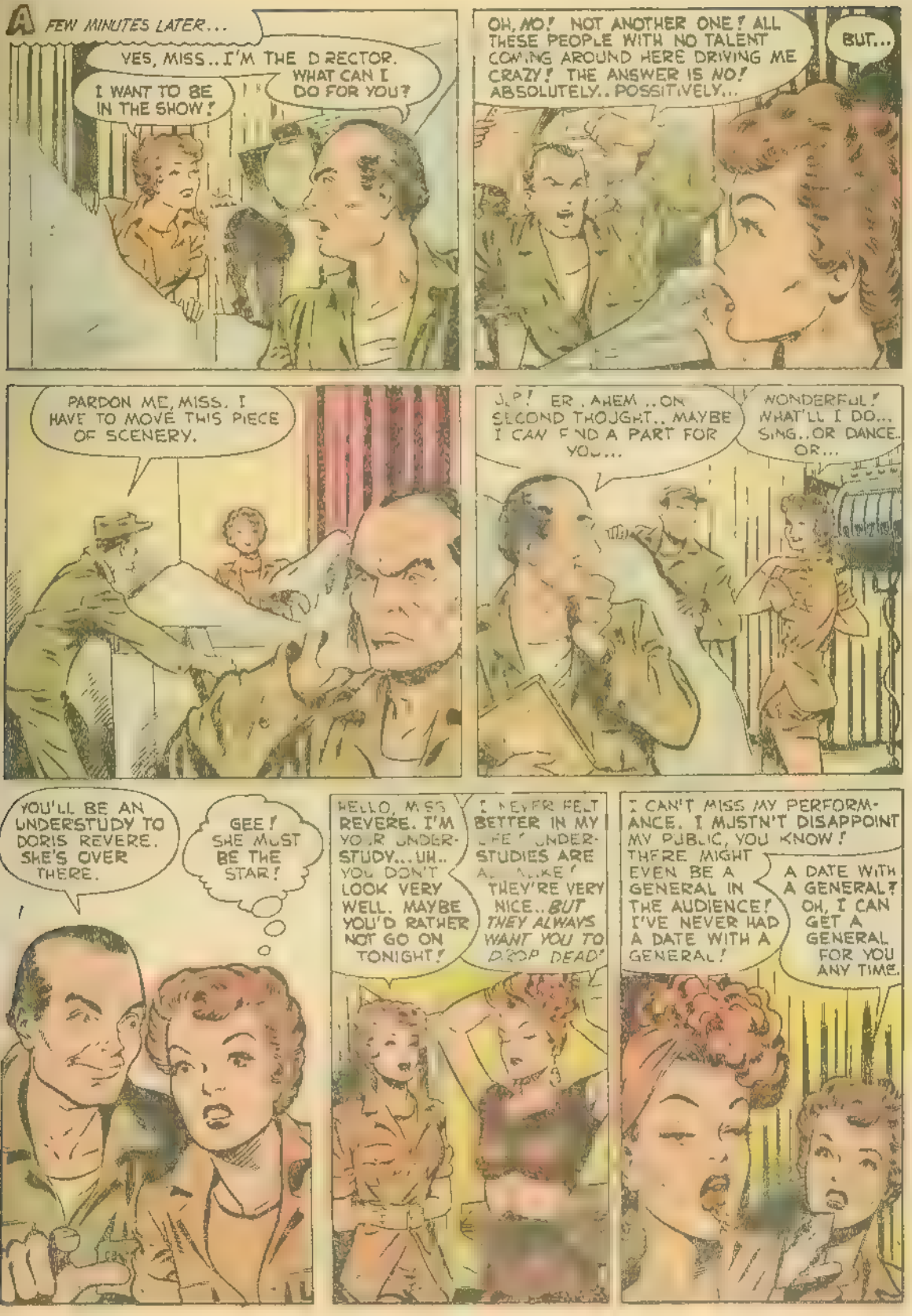
ONLY TWO OF THE GUNS HAD THE SIGHTS, SO NATURALLY I KNEW THE MISSING SIGHT WAS IN ONE OF THE CASES!
GOSH, JACK, YOU MUST BE THE SMARTEST MARINE IN YOUR DIVISION!

Canteen Kate in "CALL TO ARMS"

BIG SHOW TONIGHT
GEE, I WISH I COULD BE IN A SHOW! TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION, WITH EVERYONE LOOKIN' AT YOU! WHY CAN'T IT HAPPEN TO ME?
WOW! LOOK AT THAT DAME!
USMC
USMC



FIGHTIN' MARINES


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
YES, MISS.. I'M THE DIRECTOR. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I WANT TO BE IN THE SHOW!
OH, NO! NOT ANOTHER ONE! ALL THESE PEOPLE WITH NO TALENT COMING AROUND HERE DRIVING ME CRAZY! THE ANSWER IS NO! ABSOLUTELY.. POSSITIVELY...
BUT...
PARDON ME, MISS. I HAVE TO MOVE THIS PIECE OF SCENERY.
J.P! ER..AHEM..ON SECOND THOUGHT.. MAYBE I CAN FIND A PART FOR YOU...
WONDERFUL! WHAT'LL I DO... SING..OR DANCE.. OR...
YOU'LL BE AN UNDERSTUDY TO DORIS REVERE. SHE'S OVER THERE.
GEE! SHE MUST BE THE STAR!
HELLO, MISS REVERE. I'M YOUR UNDERSTUDY... UH.. YOU DON'T LOOK VERY WELL. MAYBE YOU'D RATHER NOT GO ON TONIGHT!
I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE! UNDERSTUDIES ARE ALL ALIKE! THEY'RE VERY NICE.. BUT THEY ALWAYS WANT YOU TO DROP DEAD!
I CAN'T MISS MY PERFORMANCE. I MUSTN'T DISAPPOINT MY PUBLIC, YOU KNOW! THERE MIGHT EVEN BE A GENERAL IN THE AUDIENCE! I'VE NEVER HAD A DATE WITH A GENERAL!
A DATE WITH A GENERAL? OH, I CAN GET A GENERAL FOR YOU ANY TIME.

YOU CAN? YOU GET ME A DATE WITH A GENERAL AND YOU CAN GO ON IN MY PLACE. THE HECK WITH THE SHOW!
IT'S A DEAL!
MOVE OVER! I'M DRIVING! I'VE GOTTA HURRY!
WHY? WHAT'S UP?
DORIS REVERE SAID I COULD HAVE HER PART IF I GOT HER A DATE WITH A GENERAL, AND...
ARE YOU NUTS? THERE'RE ONLY TWO GENERALS HERE... HICKEN-LOOPER AND GRIBBLE!
I'LL SEE GENERAL GRIBBLE FIRST!
DON'T BOTHER!
HEY!
WHY NOT?
HE'S THE MAN YOU JUST PUSHED OVER THE LEDGE!
HERE'S GENERAL HICKENLOOPER'S OFFICE I'LL TALK TO HIM!
NOW DON'T DO ANYTHING CRAZY, KATE!
UMMM... THAT MUST BE HIS SECRETARY!

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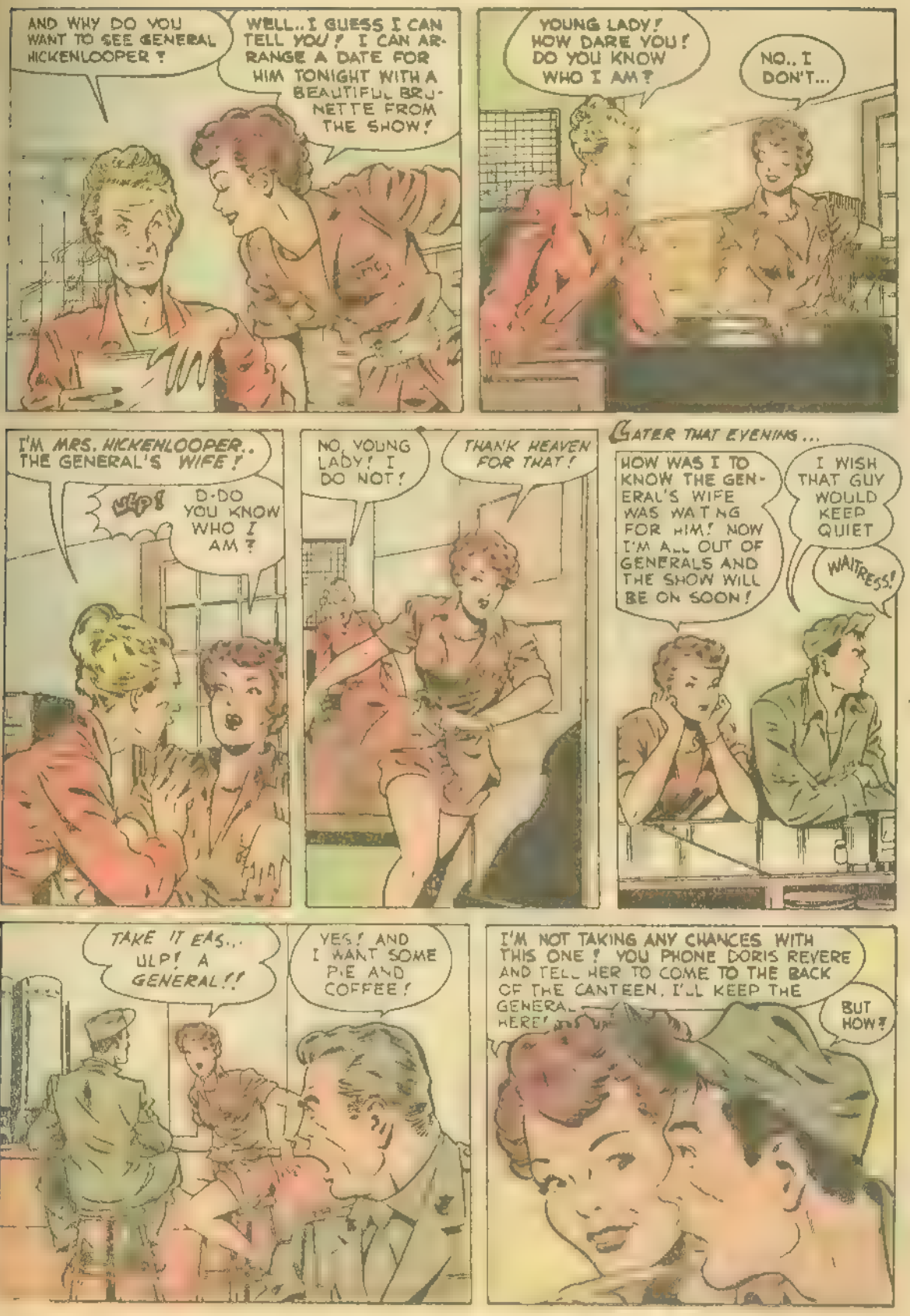
AND WHY DO YOU WANT TO SEE GENERAL HICKENLOOPER ?
WELL.. I GUESS I CAN TELL YOU ! I CAN ARRANGE A DATE FOR HIM TONIGHT WITH A BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE FROM THE SHOW!
YOUNG LADY! HOW DARE YOU! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
NO.. I DON'T...
I'M MRS. HICKENLOOPER.. THE GENERAL'S WIFE!
ULP!
D-DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM ?
NO, YOUNG LADY! I DO NOT!
THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT!
LATER THAT EVENING...
HOW WAS I TO KNOW THE GENERAL'S WIFE WAS WAITING FOR HIM! NOW I'M ALL OUT OF GENERALS AND THE SHOW WILL BE ON SOON!
I WISH THAT GUY WOULD KEEP QUIET
WAITRESS!
TAKE IT EAS... ULP! A GENERAL!!
YES! AND I WANT SOME PIE AND COFFEE!
I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES WITH THIS ONE ! YOU PHONE DORIS REVERE AND TELL HER TO COME TO THE BACK OF THE CANTEEN. I'LL KEEP THE GENERAL HERE!
BUT HOW?

JUST WATCH ME!
I'M AFRAID TO!
YOUNG LADY! LOOK OUT!
OOPS! I'M SO SORRY!
I'D ALMOST SWEAR YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE!
OH, NO! I'LL CLEAN YOUR JACKET AND BRING IT BACK TO YOU IN A JIFFY!
HERE. HOLD THIS! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF! I CAN SEE A FIRING SQUAD RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES!
GEE, AL.. YOU'D MAKE A GOOD-LOOKING GENERAL! WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT ON AND SEE WHAT YOU'D LOOK LIKE?
WHO. ME? OH, NO! NEVER NEVER. NEVER.
TWO SECONDS LATER...
SEE? A PERFECT FIT!
IT FITS BETTER THAN THE PRISON CLOTHES I'LL BE WEARING IF THE GENERAL WALKS IN HERE!
MISS REVERE!
OH, SO YOU DID GET A GENERAL, AFTER ALL! AND HE'S SO YOUNG, TOO!
BUT..BUT. BUT...

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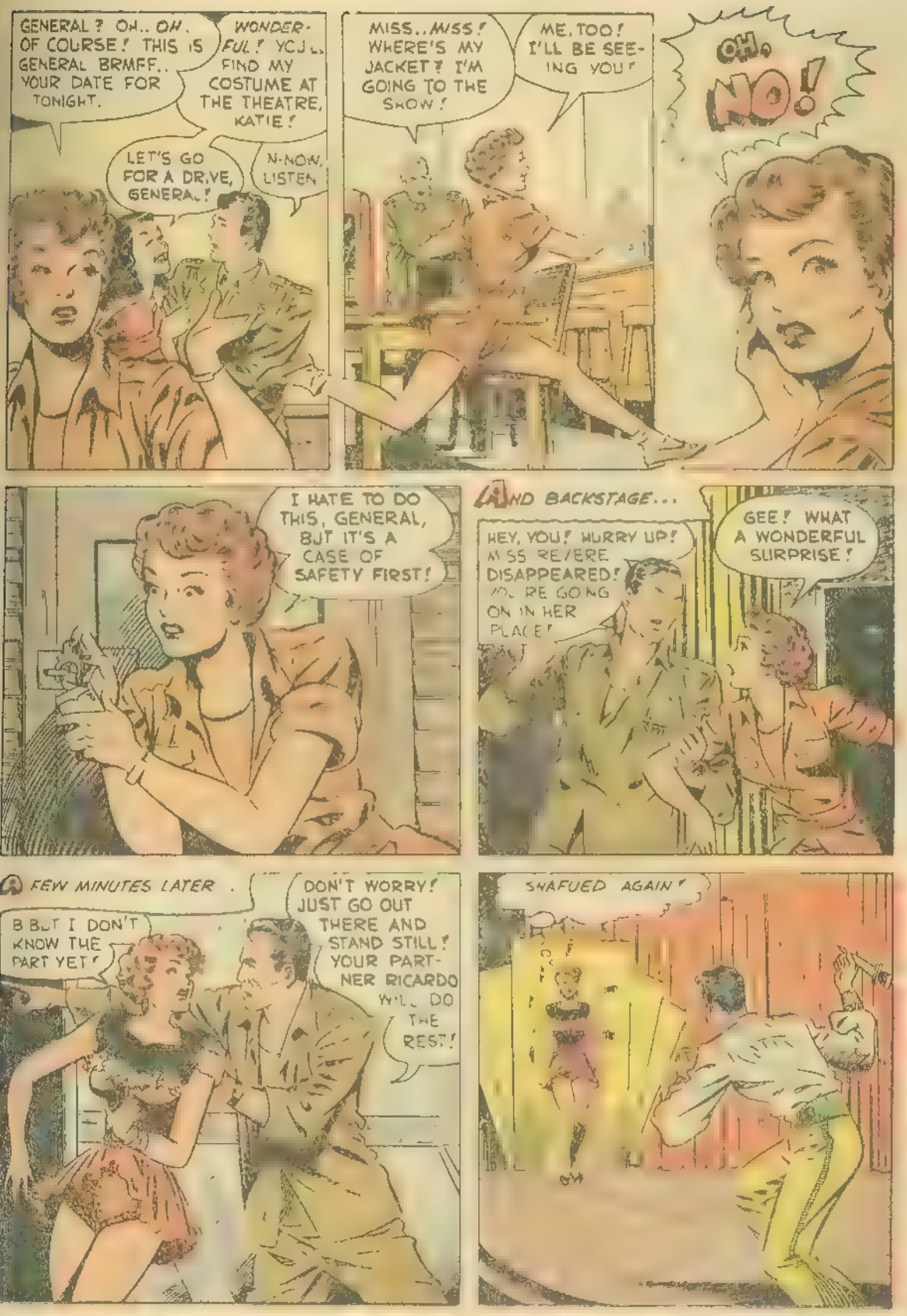
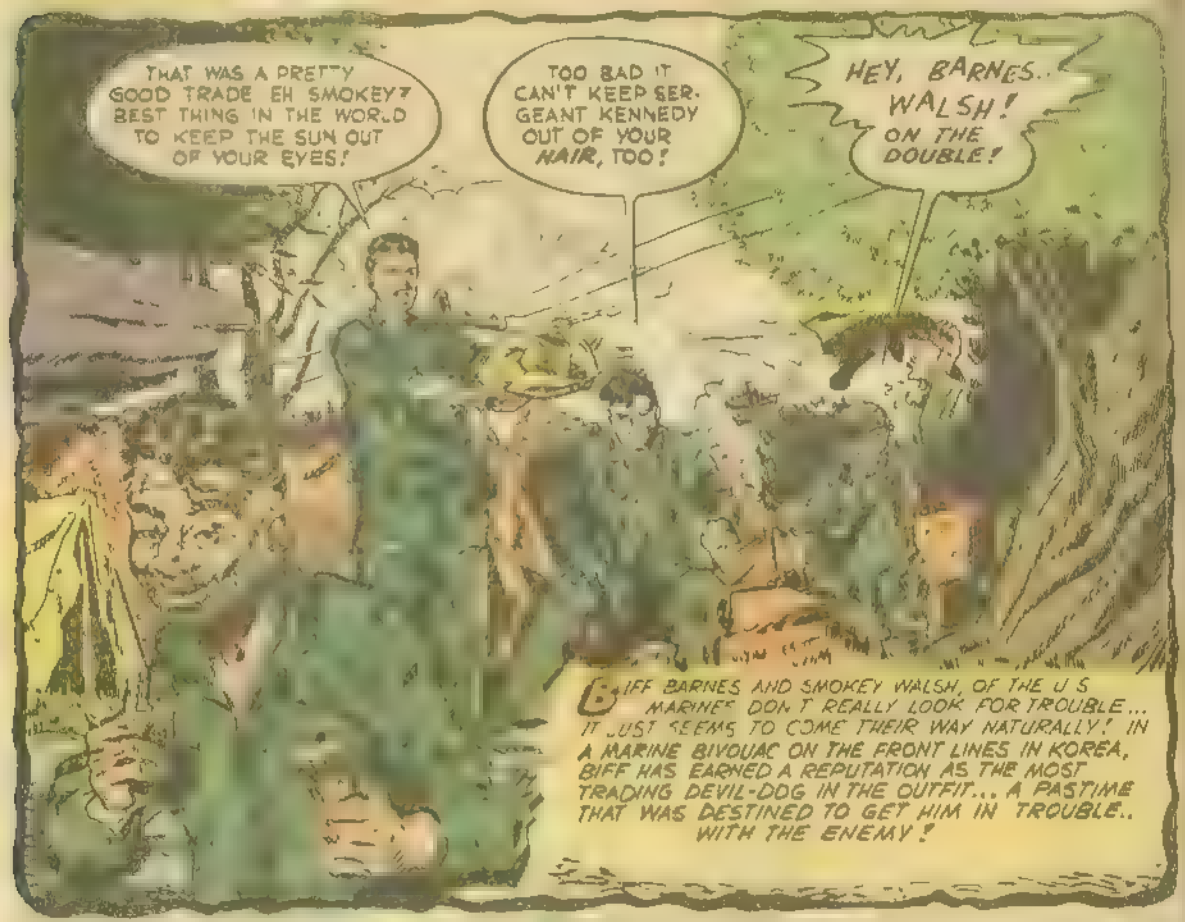
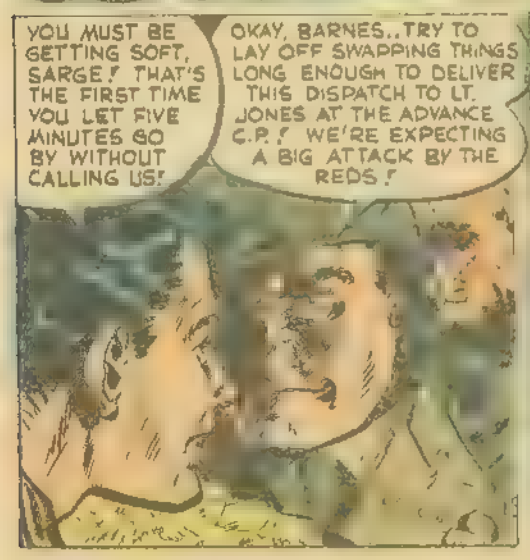
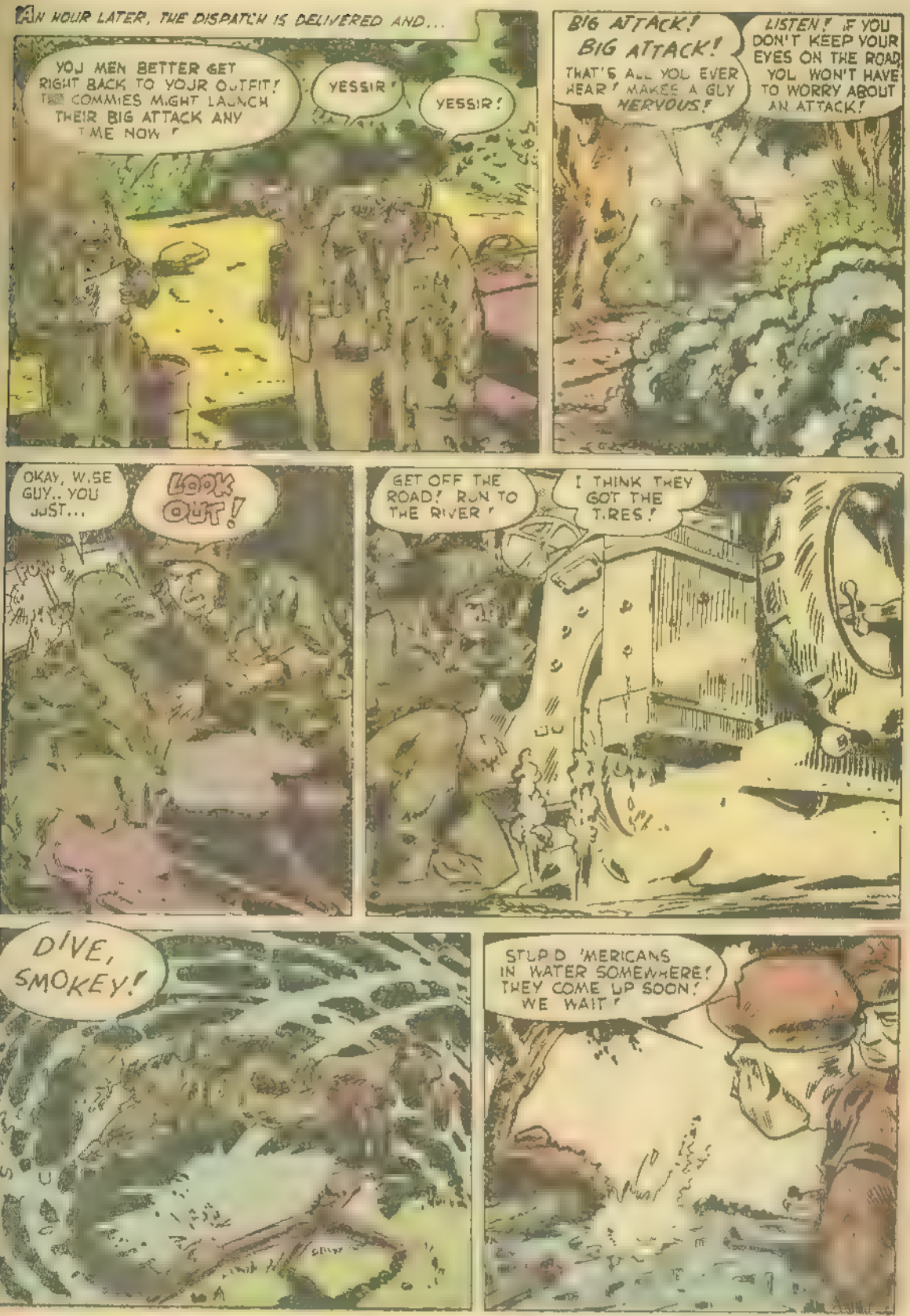

GENERAL? OH.. OH. OF COURSE! THIS IS GENERAL BRMFF.. YOUR DATE FOR TONIGHT.
WONDERFUL! YOU'LL FIND MY COSTUME AT THE THEATRE, KATIE!
LET'S GO FOR A DRIVE, GENERAL!
N-NOW, LISTEN
MISS..MISS! WHERE'S MY JACKET? I'M GOING TO THE SHOW!
ME, TOO! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!
OH. NO!
I HATE TO DO THIS, GENERAL, BUT IT'S A CASE OF SAFETY FIRST!
AND BACKSTAGE...
HEY, YOU! HURRY UP! MISS REVERE DISAPPEARED! WE'RE GOING ON IN HER PLACE!
GEE! WHAT A WONDERFUL SURPRISE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER
B-BUT I DON'T KNOW THE PART YET!
DON'T WORRY! JUST GO OUT THERE AND STAND STILL! YOUR PARTNER RICARDO WILL DO THE REST!
SNAFUED AGAIN!

FRONT LINE SNAFU!

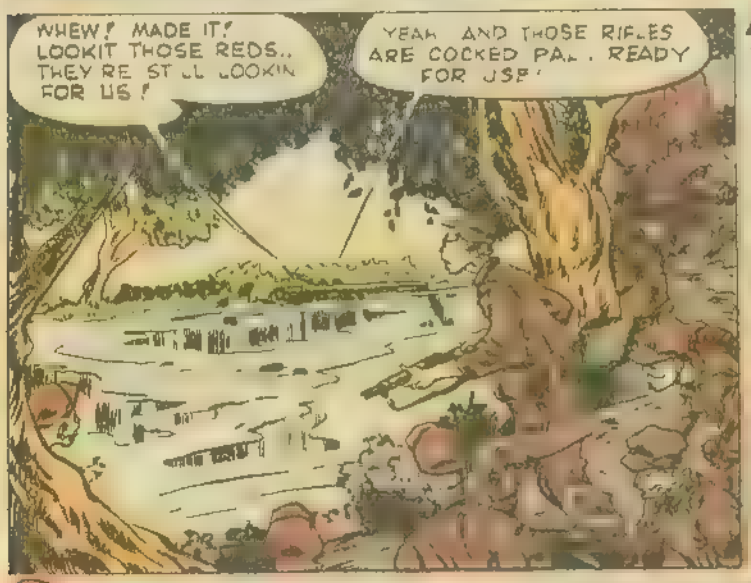

THAT WAS A PRETTY GOOD TRADE EH SMOKEY? BEST THING IN THE WORLD TO KEEP THE SUN OUT OF YOUR EYES!
TOO BAD IT CAN'T KEEP SERGEANT KENNEDY OUT OF YOUR HAIR, TOO!
HEY, BARNES.. WALSH! ON THE DOUBLE!
BIFF BARNES AND SMOKEY WALSH, OF THE U S MARINES DON'T REALLY LOOK FOR TROUBLE... IT JUST SEEMS TO COME THEIR WAY NATURALLY! IN A MARINE BIVOUAC ON THE FRONT LINES IN KOREA, BIFF HAS EARNED A REPUTATION AS THE MOST TRADING DEVIL-DOG IN THE OUTFIT... A PASTIME THAT WAS DESTINED TO GET HIM IN TROUBLE.. WITH THE ENEMY!


YOU MUST BE GETTING SOFT, SARGE! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME YOU LET FIVE MINUTES GO BY WITHOUT CALLING US!
OKAY, BARNES.. TRY TO LAY OFF SWAPPING THINGS LONG ENOUGH TO DELIVER THIS DISPATCH TO LT. JONES AT THE ADVANCE C.P.! WE'RE EXPECTING A BIG ATTACK BY THE REDS!

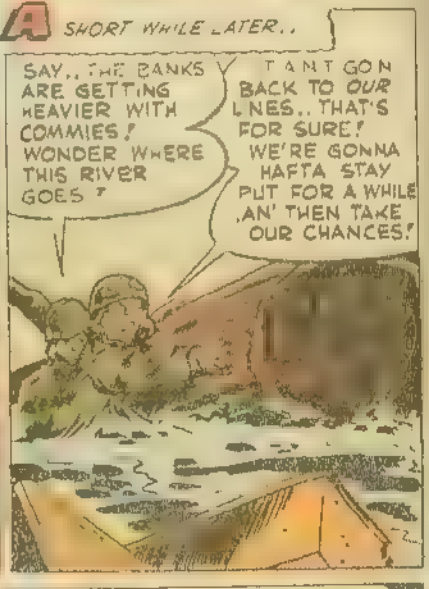
TAKE CARE OF THINGS TILL WE GET BACK SARGE!
WHY, YOU.. JUST SEE THAT YOU BRING BACK THAT JEEP! DON'T GO SWAPPIN' IT FOR SOME KOREAN BUGGY!


AN HOUR LATER, THE DISPATCH IS DELIVERED AND...
YOU MEN BETTER GET RIGHT BACK TO YOUR OUTFIT! THE COMMIES MIGHT LAUNCH THEIR BIG ATTACK ANY TIME NOW!
YESSIR!
YESSIR!
BIG ATTACK! BIG ATTACK! THAT'S ALL YOU EVER HEAR! MAKES A GUY NERVOUS!
LISTEN! IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT AN ATTACK!
OKAY, WISE GUY.. YOU JUST...
LOOK OUT!
GET OFF THE ROAD! RUN TO THE RIVER!
I THINK THEY GOT THE TIRES!
DIVE, SMOKEY!
STUPID 'MERICANS IN WATER SOMEWHERE! THEY COME UP SOON! WE WAIT!

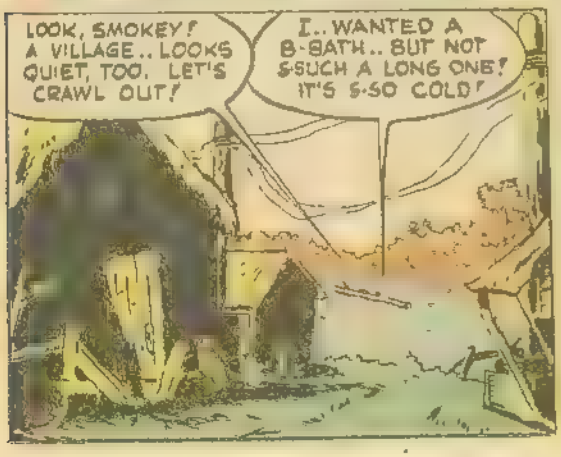
FIGHTIN' MARINES

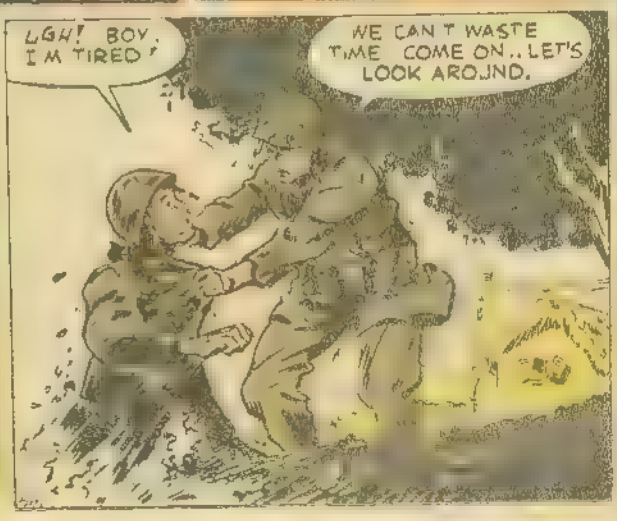


A SHORT WHILE LATER..


SAY,, THE BANKS ARE GETTING HEAVIER WITH COMMIES! WONDER WHERE THIS RIVER GOES?
I AIN'T GON BACK TO OUR LINES.. THAT'S FOR SURE! WE'RE GONNA HAFTA STAY PUT FOR A WHILE 'AN' THEN TAKE OUR CHANCES!

D DURING THE NEXT HOUR, BIFF AND SMOKEY DRIFT THREE MILES DOWN THE RIVER...





FIGHTIN' MARINES

SAY, BIFF.. DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
YEAH! A COMMIE COLONEL. AN HE AIN'T EXPECTIN' COMPANY! LET'S PAY HIM A VISIT!
GREETINGS, COMRADE!
BIFF! ANOTHER OFFICER'S COMING THIS WAY AN HE'S LEADIN SOME HORSES! WHAT'LL WE DO?
I'LL CHANGE INTO THE COLONEL'S UNIFORM. YOU GET BEHIND THAT DOOR.. HURRY!
UH-HUH!
NOW, SMOKEY!
JOIN THE PARTY, CHUM?
OOLPH!

FIGHTIN' MARINES

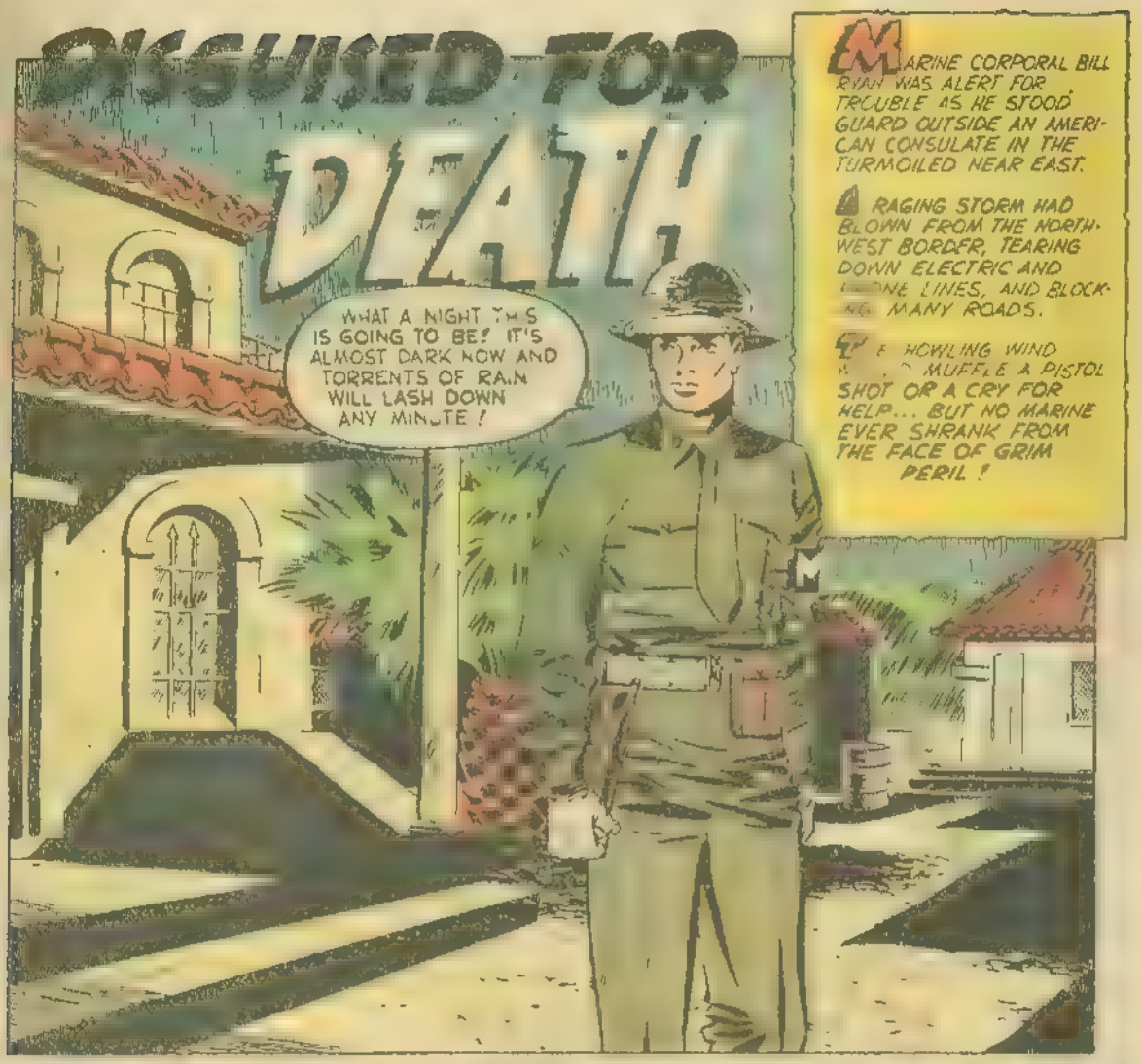
HEY.. THIS SHORT FAT ONE'S JUST ABOUT YOUR SIZE, SMOKEY! WE'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE TO ESCAPE AS RED OFFICERS!
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' NOW, BEEF?
GRABBIN' SOME OF THESE PAPERS AND MATCHES! THIS JOINT IS CRAWLIN' WITH REDS.. SO, IF WE START A FIRE MAYBE WE CAN GET AWAY IN THE EXCITEMENT. YOU ROUND UP THE HORSES!
NOW FOR A NICE FAST CANTER RIGHT PAST THOSE COMMIE SENTRIES!
DO YOU THINK THESE HORSES ARE COMMIES TOO BEEF? I DON'T WANNA RIDE NO UNFRIENDLY HORSE!
LOOK AT ME! I FINALLY GOT TO BE AN OFFICER BUT IN THE WRONG ARMY!
SHUT UP AND KEEP YOUR FACE DOWN! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUTTA TOWN BEFORE THEY FIND OUT...
WHEW! WE MADE IT! NOW LET'S TRAVEL!
THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT US! MUST HAVE FOUND THOSE TWO GUYS WE KNOCKED OUT! KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, SMOKEY!
I'LL BE LUCKY IF I CAN KEEP ANYTHING DOWN ON THIS HORSE!

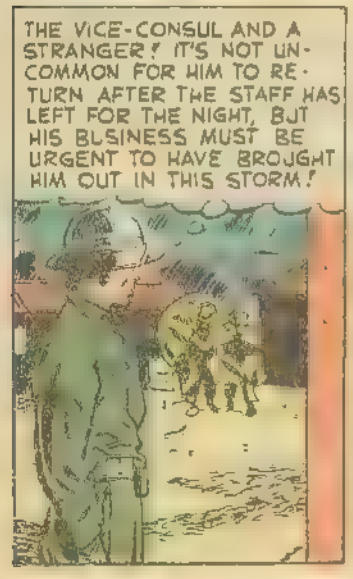
OH, NO! A ROAD BLOCK! I SURE HOPE THESE HORSES CAN JUMP!
BIFF! THEY'RE FIRING AT US FROM IN FRONT! IT'S OUR OWN LINES!
HALT!
DON'T SHOOT PAL!
OOPS! HERE I GO!
LOOK, SARGE.. WE GOT A COLONEL AND A MAJOR!
THE HECK YOU DID! YOU GOT A PRIVATE AN' A PFC!
IS COMPANY B ANYWHERE AROUND HERE?
HALF MILE DOWN THE ROAD BUT YOU BETTER GET RID OF THE UNIFORMS OR SOME TRIGGER-HAPPY MARINE'S GONNA TAKE A SHOT AT YOU!
OKAY. WE'LL DITCH THE JACKETS!
MEANWHILE BACK AT COMPANY B BIVOUAC AREA.
WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO BIFF AND SMOKEY?
THOSE GOLDBRICKS? I'LL GIVE YOU TWO TO ONE THEY SWAPPED THE JEEP FOR A COUPLE OF HORSES OR SOMETHIN'!
HEY SARGE. LOOK!

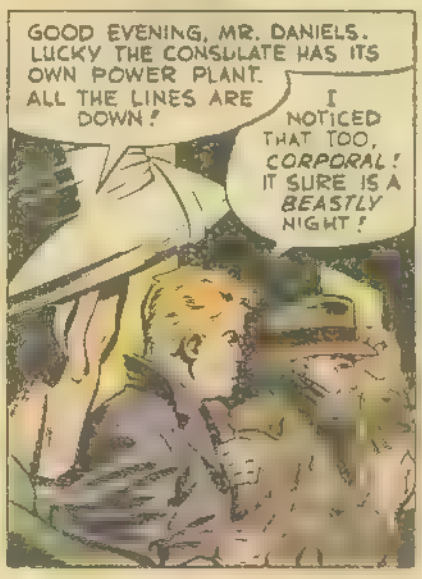
FIGHTIN' MARINES

OH.. NO! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!
HI, FELLERS! GLAD TO SEE US?
WHAT'S NEW?
WHATTA YA GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELVES? WHERE'S THE JEEP, YOU STUPID NUMBSKULLS? HOW'D YOU GET THOSE...
NOW, NOW.. SARGE! TAKE IT EASY! HERE'S A LIGHT... JUST RELAX FOR A MINUTE!
WHY, YOU.. DON'T TRY TO GET AROUND ME!
SARGE... YOU KNOW WE WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT!
SERGEANT KENNEDY.. WHERE DID THESE PAPERS COME FROM?
THOSE TWO POOR EXCUSES FOR MARINES MUST HAVE BROUGHT THEM, SIR!
SIR.. I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING I WANTED TO START A FIRE AN'
YESSIR!
LATER...
WHADDA YA THINK, SMOKEY? SHOULD WE HEROES TALK TO AN ORDINARY SERGEANT?
I DUNNO! MIGHT LOWER US SOCIALLY!
I'LL LOWER YA.. RIGHT INTO A GARBAGE PIT!

DISGUISED FOR DEATH


WHAT A NIGHT THIS IS GOING TO BE! IT'S ALMOST DARK NOW AND TORRENTS OF RAIN WILL LASH DOWN ANY MINUTE!
MARINE CORPORAL BILL RYAN WAS ALERT FOR TROUBLE AS HE STOOD GUARD OUTSIDE AN AMERICAN CONSULATE IN THE TURMOILED NEAR EAST.
A RAGING STORM HAD BLOWN FROM THE NORTHWEST BORDER, TEARING DOWN ELECTRIC AND [illegible] LINES, AND BLOCKING MANY ROADS.
THE HOWLING WIND [illegible] MUFFLE A PISTOL SHOT OR A CRY FOR HELP... BUT NO MARINE EVER SHRANK FROM THE FACE OF GRIM PERIL!

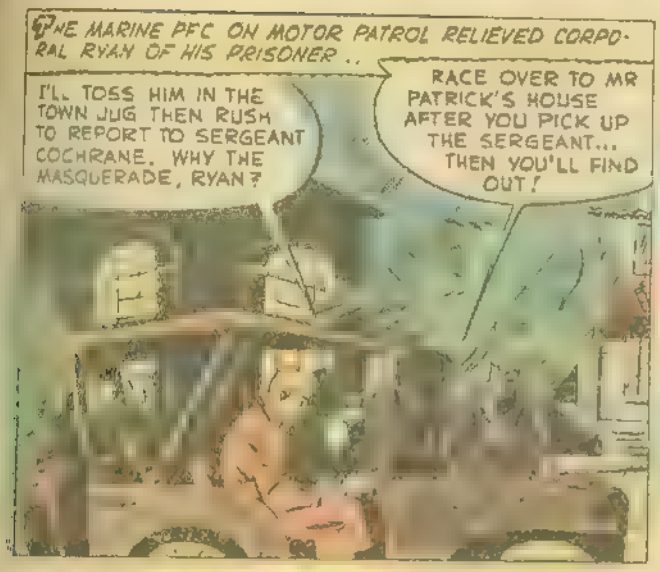

THE VICE-CONSUL AND A STRANGER! IT'S NOT UNCOMMON FOR HIM TO RETURN AFTER THE STAFF HAS LEFT FOR THE NIGHT, BUT HIS BUSINESS MUST BE URGENT TO HAVE BROUGHT HIM OUT IN THIS STORM!


GOOD EVENING, MR. DANIELS. LUCKY THE CONSULATE HAS ITS OWN POWER PLANT. ALL THE LINES ARE DOWN!
I NOTICED THAT TOO, CORPORAL! IT SURE IS A BEASTLY NIGHT!

HE ALWAYS ADDRESSES ME AS BILL, NOT CORPORAL! AND HE DESPISES THE EXPRESSION 'BEASTLY'! I'D BETTER POKE MY HEAD IN THERE AFTER THEY'VE REACHED DANIEL'S OFFICE!

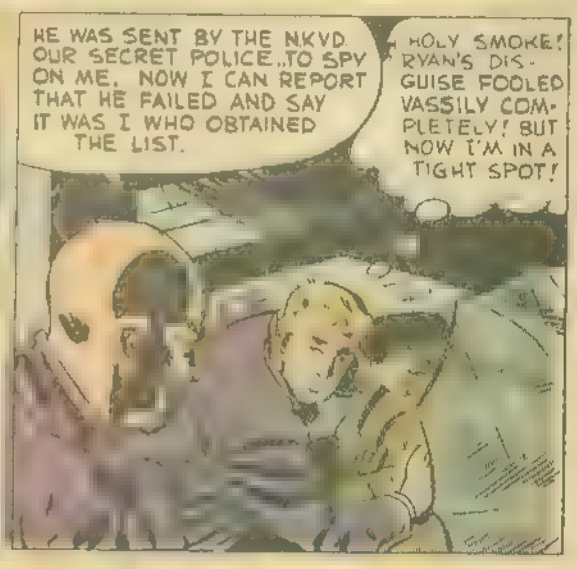
FIGHTIN' MARINES

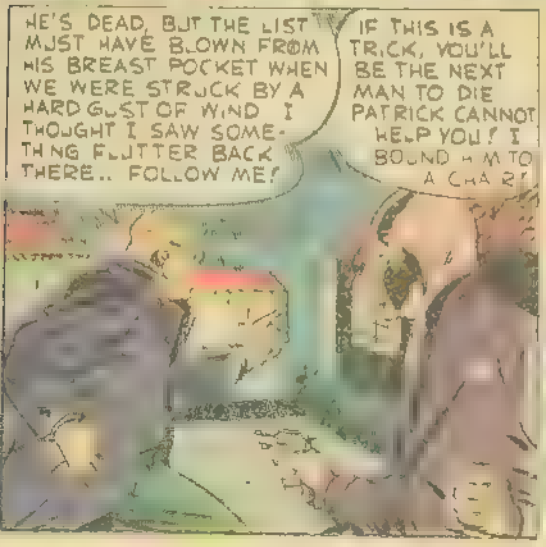
GIVE ME YOUR STATE DEPARTMENT'S NEW LIST OF PERSONS SUSPECTED AS SOVIET AGENTS IN THE EASTERN MEDITERANEAN
VASSILY PROBABLY SHOT MR PATRICK AFTER YOU AND I LEFT THE HOUSE... HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE AFTER!
A RED! I WANT TO TAKE HIM ALIVE!
OKAY, YOU! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! START SOMETHING AND I'LL FINISH IT!
ANOTHER STEP WILL BE YOUR LAST, MARINE!
WATCH OUT, BILL! HE HAS A GUN!
NO CRUMMY COMMIE PLINKS AT ME WITH A PEA SHOOTER! SO WE'LL JUST HUSTLE YOU OVER TO THE LOCAL HOOSEGOW!
I CAUGHT A WORD OR TWO. THEY SURPRISED YOU AT THE CONSUL'S RESIDENCE AND THIS ONE FORCED YOU TO COME HERE AND GIVE HIM A LIST, EH?
YOU'VE GOT IT RIGHT, BILL. BUT THE LIST I WOULD HAVE HANDED HIM WAS A PHONY PREPARED IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY!
UNLESS HE AND I RETURN TO MR PATRICK'S WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES,
IT'S VERY DARK OUT. IF I SLIP ON THIS REDS RANCH HAT AND KEEP THE UMBRELLA LOW MAYBE I CAN FOOL THE OTHER RUSSIAN!
IN A FEW MINUTES THE SOVIET AGENT REGAINED HIS SENSES.. BUT HAD LOST HIS RAINCOAT AND HAT..
I JUST LOOKED BACK THROUGH THE OFFICE WINDOW AND SAW A JEEP'S HEADLIGHTS COMING DOWN THE ROAD..
MUST BE PFC BURKE. HE'S LATE TONIGHT. HE'LL STOP WHEN HE SEES I LEFT MY POST!
WHAT...?? WHERE'S CORPORAL RYAN? LIGHTS IN THE FRONT WINDOW... I'D BETTER WAIT.

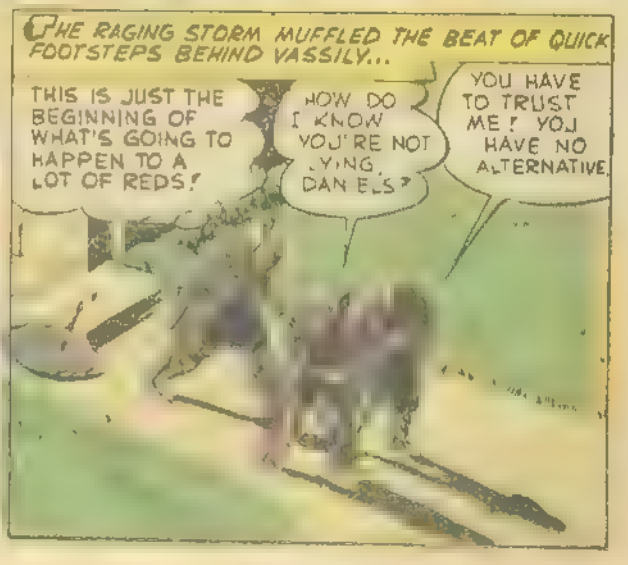

THE MARINE PFC ON MOTOR PATROL RELIEVED CORPORAL RYAN OF HIS PRISONER..
I'LL TOSS HIM IN THE TOWN JUG THEN RUSH TO REPORT TO SERGEANT COCHRANE. WHY THE MASQUERADE, RYAN?
RACE OVER TO MR PATRICK'S HOUSE AFTER YOU PICK UP THE SERGEANT... THEN YOU'LL FIND OUT!

SO FAR YOU'VE FOOLED HIM, BUT HE'S PROBABLY WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW.
YOU KNOCK. WHEN HE OPENS THE DOOR I'LL JUMP HIM!

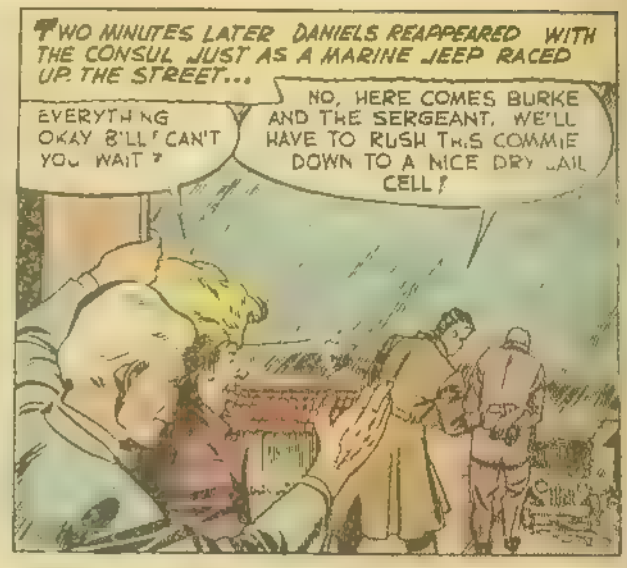
BUT BEFORE THEY REACHED THE DOOR VASSILY FLUNG IT WIDE AND BLASTED A SHOT AT CORPORAL RYAN...
THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! REACH DOWN AND REMOVE THE LIST FROM HIS POCKET, DANIELS. QUICK, NOW!


HE WAS SENT BY THE NKVD OUR SECRET POLICE..TO SPY ON ME. NOW I CAN REPORT THAT HE FAILED AND SAY IT WAS I WHO OBTAINED THE LIST.
HOLY SMOKE! RYAN'S DISGUISE FOOLED VASSILY COMPLETELY! BUT NOW I'M IN A TIGHT SPOT!

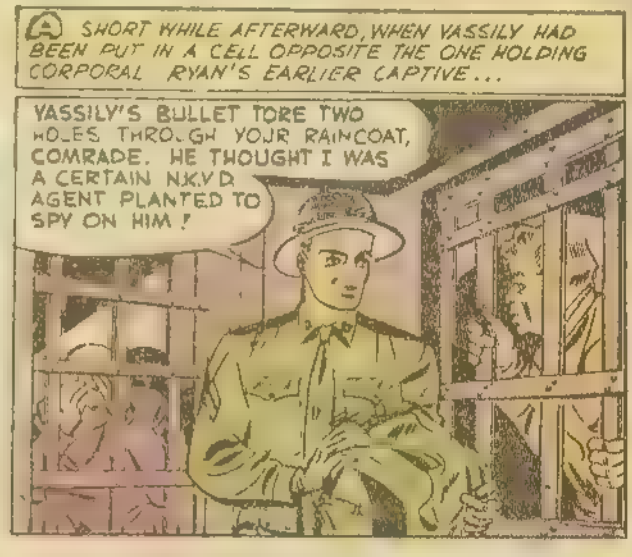

HE'S DEAD, BUT THE LIST MUST HAVE BLOWN FROM HIS BREAST POCKET WHEN WE WERE STRUCK BY A HARD GUST OF WIND I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING FLUTTER BACK THERE.. FOLLOW ME!
IF THIS IS A TRICK, YOU'LL BE THE NEXT MAN TO DIE PATRICK CANNOT HELP YOU! I BOUND HIM TO A CHAIR!


THE RAGING STORM MUFFLED THE BEAT OF QUICK FOOTSTEPS BEHIND VASSILY...
THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING OF WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO A LOT OF REDS!
HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT LYING, DANIELS?
YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME! YOU HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE.

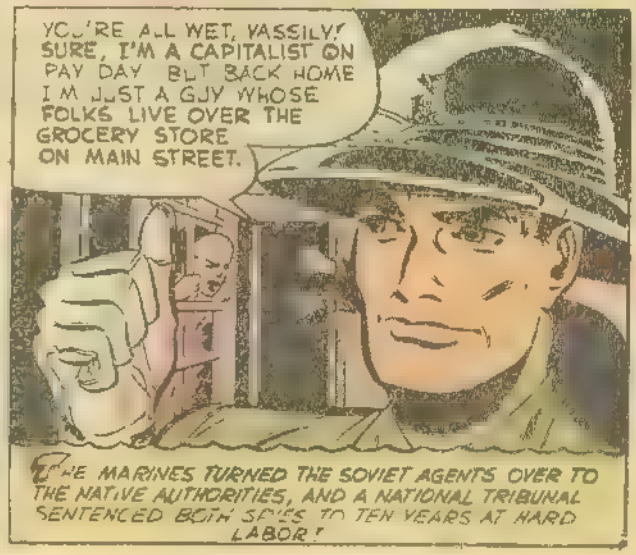
WOW! WHAT A HEADACHE THAT WILL GIVE HIM! I KNEW YOU WERE CONSCIOUS BUT WHERE DID HIS BULLET HIT?
NOWHERE! HE MADE A CLEAN MISS! BUT I PLAYED POSSUM BECAUSE I WANTED TO TAKE HIM ALIVE GO BACK AND RELEASE MR PATRICK WHILE I TEE THIS VULTURES WRISTS!


TWO MINUTES LATER DANIELS REAPPEARED WITH THE CONSUL JUST AS A MARINE JEEP RACED UP THE STREET...
EVERYTHING OKAY BILL? CAN'T YOU WAIT?
NO, HERE COMES BURKE AND THE SERGEANT. WE'LL HAVE TO RUSH THIS COMMIE DOWN TO A NICE DRY JAIL CELL!

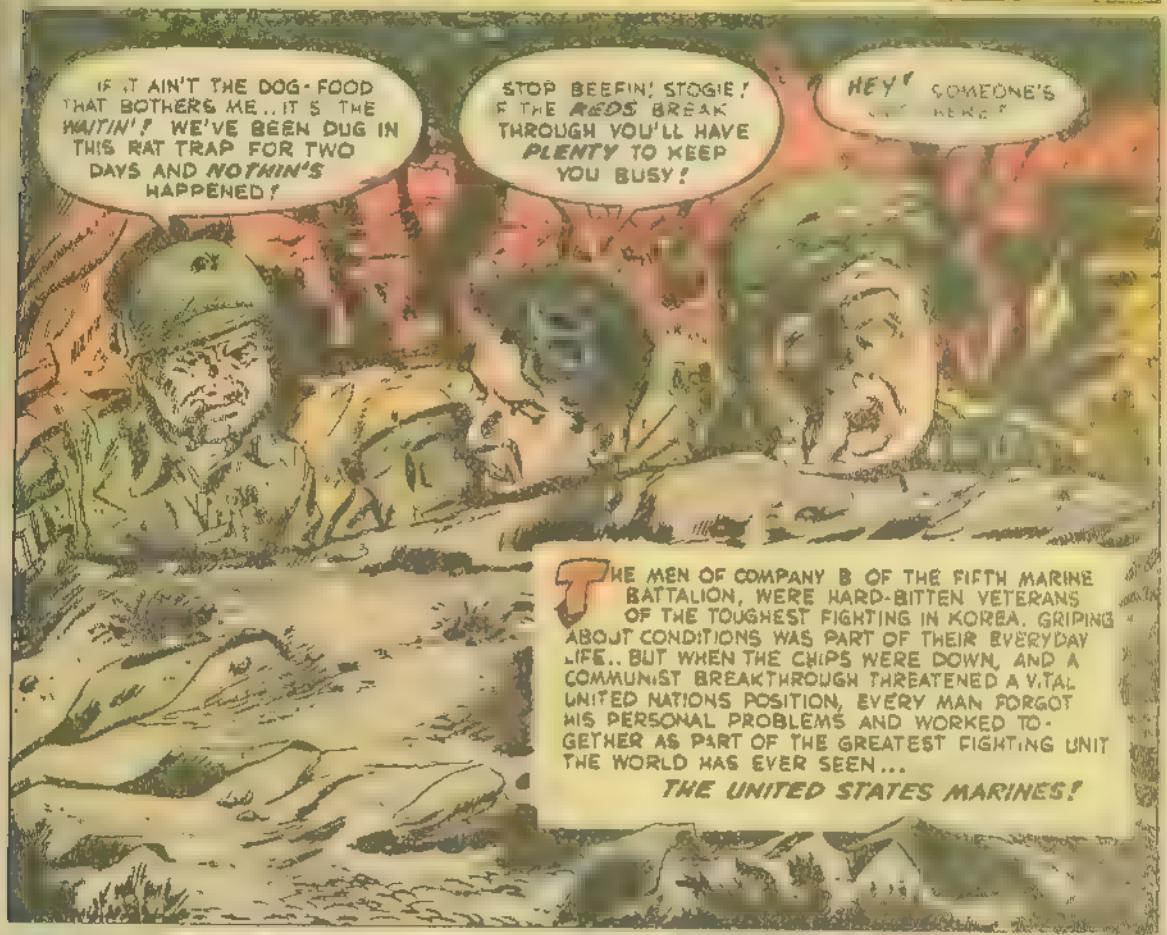
SKIP THE BRAVOS THIS RICKY WAS A BAD SHOT AND DANIELS WAS A SMART BLUFFER. I DON'T DESERVE ANY CREDIT FOR BEING FOOL HARDY!
SURE, RYAN. THAT'S THE MARINE IN YOU!

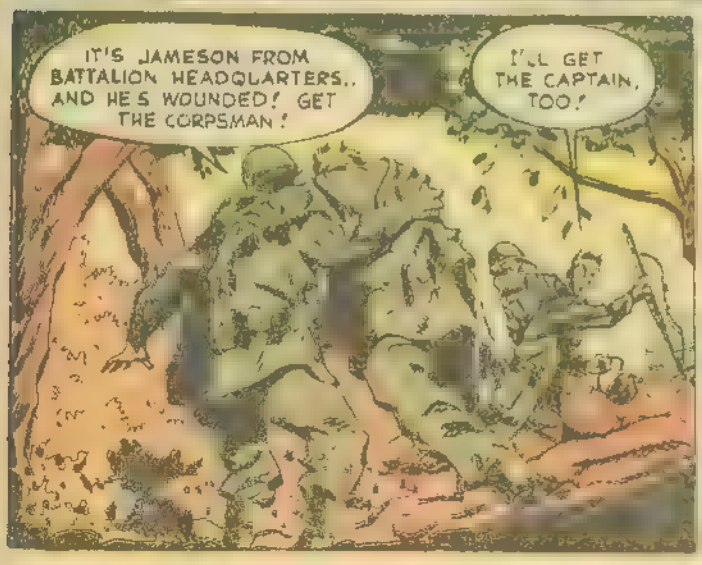

A SHORT WHILE AFTERWARD, WHEN VASSILY HAD BEEN PUT IN A CELL OPPOSITE THE ONE HOLDING CORPORAL RYAN'S EARLIER CAPTIVE...
VASSILY'S BULLET TORE TWO HOLES THROUGH YOUR RAINCOAT, COMRADE. HE THOUGHT I WAS A CERTAIN N.K.V.D. AGENT PLANTED TO SPY ON HIM!

TRAITOR!
MY COMMISSAR WARNED ME YOU WERE A LIAR AND A TRAITOR!
FOOL!! YOU'RE LOWER THAN A TRAITOR LETTING YOURSELF BE TRAPPED BY THIS WARMONGERING TOOL OF WALL STREET!


YOU'RE ALL WET, VASSILY! SURE, I'M A CAPITALIST ON PAY DAY BUT BACK HOME I'M JUST A GUY WHOSE FOLKS LIVE OVER THE GROCERY STORE ON MAIN STREET.
THE MARINES TURNED THE SOVIET AGENTS OVER TO THE NATIVE AUTHORITIES, AND A NATIONAL TRIBUNAL SENTENCED BOTH SPIES TO TEN YEARS AT HARD LABOR!

ENEMY BREAKTHROUGH


IF IT AIN'T THE DOG-FOOD THAT BOTHERS ME.. IT'S THE WAITIN'! WE'VE BEEN DUG IN THIS RAT TRAP FOR TWO DAYS AND NOTHIN'S HAPPENED!
STOP BEEFIN', STOGIE! IF THE REDS BREAK THROUGH YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY TO KEEP YOU BUSY!
HEY! SOMEONE'S
THE MEN OF COMPANY B OF THE FIFTH MARINE BATTALION, WERE HARD-BITTEN VETERANS OF THE TOUGHEST FIGHTING IN KOREA. GRIPING ABOUT CONDITIONS WAS PART OF THEIR EVERYDAY LIFE.. BUT WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, AND A COMMUNIST BREAKTHROUGH THREATENED A VITAL UNITED NATIONS POSITION, EVERY MAN FORGOT HIS PERSONAL PROBLEMS AND WORKED TOGETHER AS PART OF THE GREATEST FIGHTING UNIT THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN...
THE UNITED STATES MARINES!



TELL THE BOYS TO KEEP THEIR EYES PEELED IF WHAT JAMESON SAID IS TRUE, THE REDS MAY BE HITTING US ON OUR RIGHT FLANK ANY MINUTE!

BUT THE ENEMY FORCE WAS TOO GREAT FOR THE MARINE COMPANY, AND THEY WERE GRADUALLY PUSHED INTO A NATURAL POCKET DEEPER INTO ENEMY TERRITORY!

WE'LL HAVE TO DIG IN HERE! WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO HOLD THE LINE FOR AS LONG AS THE AMMUNITION LASTS!
I CAN'T RAISE DIVISION HEADQUARTERS SIR!

FIGHTIN' MARINES

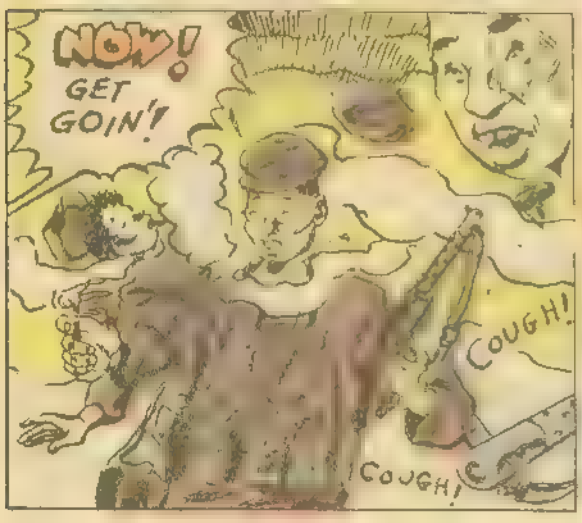
CORPORAL! TAKE TWO MEN AND TRY TO GET THROUGH TO COMPANY A. SEE IF THEY'RE IN CONTACT WITH DIVISION HEADQUARTERS. FIND OUT WHAT INSTRUCTIONS THEY HAVE FOR US. AND GET BACK HERE FAST!
YES, SIR!
ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS! WE'RE PULLIN' OUT OF THIS HOLE!
DON'T TELL ME WE'RE HAVING AN ESCORTED TOUR THROUGH THE COMMIE LINES! HOW NICE!
SOME TIME LATER...
DO YOU HAVE TO SMOKE THAT STOGIE? THE REDS WILL BE ABLE TO SMELL US OUT!
SHUT UP AND KEEP MOVIN'! WE'RE ALMOST AT COMPANY A'S POSITION! AND WHEN...
DOWN!
OH, MY ACHIN' BACK!
WHO'S THERE?
HEY, IT'S A SENTRY FROM COMPANY A!
IT'S JIM FRANKLIN BARON AND JORGENSEN! B COMPANY!
OH.. STOGIE! WHAT'S UP, FELLERS?
BIG TROUBLE BEHIND US! WE'VE GOTTA GET TO THE C.O. ... AND FAST!

A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE COMPANY A COMMAND POST...
I'M GLAD YOU MEN ARE HERE. WORD JUST CAME THROUGH FROM DIVISION HEADQUARTERS. THEY'RE EXPECTING ANOTHER BREAK-THROUGH ATTEMPT IN THIS AREA. THEY WANT COMPANY B TO JOIN UP WITH US TO STRENGTHEN OUR POSITION
WE'LL GET RIGHT BACK AND TELL THE C.O., SIR!
THERE'S ANOTHER THING! IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR DIVISION HAS ORDERED AN ARTILLERY BARRAGE LAID DOWN TO PROTECT THIS AREA. COMPANY B IS RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THAT BARRAGE. IF YOU DON'T GET THEM OUT OF THERE BY 1600...
GOOD GOSH! WE'LL BE KNOCKED OUT BY OUR OWN ARTILLERY!
LET'S GET GOING, STOGIE!
A SHORT WHILE LATER..
I'VE GOT A FEELIN' WE'RE NOT THE ONLY GUYS IN THESE WOODS!
YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN'! AND I DON'T WANT TO RUN INTO A COMMIE PATROL NOT WITHOUT BEIN' PROPERLY INTRODUCED!
THERE'S YOUR INTRODUCTION!
UHG!
WHERE WERE YOU HIT STOGIE?
JUST MY LEG! YOU GUYS GET OUTA HERE! YOU'VE GOTTA GET TO THE OUTFIT BEFORE 1600!
BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE YOU HERE!
HE'S RIGHT, THOUGH, AXEL.. LET'S GET MOVIN'!

FIGHTIN' MARINES

I HATED TO DO THAT, TIM!
DO YOU THINK I LIKED IT? BUT BE QUIET. LET'S HOPE THOSE SHOTS WERE JUST FROM A SNIPER!
THROW GUNS DOWN!
UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE WE RAN RIGHT INTO A NEST OF 'EM!
CAN'T WE MAKE A BREAK FOR IT?
NOT A CHANCE, AXEL! WE'D BE SHOT DOWN BEFORE WE WENT TEN FEET!
BUT OUR OUTFIT'S WE'VE GOTTA GET BACK THERE OR THEY'LL BE HIT BY THE BARRAGE!
THESE S.O.B.S COMMIES DON'T KNOW ABOUT STOGIE MAYBE HE'LL MAKE IT BACK!
WITH THAT BUM LEG, HE'LL.
OOOHHH!
IT'S STOGIE!
ANOTHER MARINE IN BUSH!
THEY GOT STOGIE!
SHUT MOUTH!
OHH-H! MY LEG!

WITH ALL THREE MARINES CAPTURED THE LAST HOPE OF WARNING COMPANY B SEEMED TO DISAPPEAR
IS YOUR LEG BETTER?
I'LL BE, ALL RIGHT.. LUCKY I STILL GOT MY SMOKES!
UG! DO YOU HAVE TO?



FOLLOWING STOGIE'S ADVICE, TIM AND AXEL RACED IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF B COMPANY...

A SHORT WHILE LATER...
SO YOU MADE IT ALL RIGHT? WHERE'S CORPORAL FRANKLIN?
WOUNDED, SIR! WE HAD TO LEAVE HIM IN THE WOODS... RAN INTO A COMMIE PATROL!

BUT WE'VE GOT THE INSTRUCTIONS FROM DIVISION HEADQUARTERS, SIR. WE'RE TO JOIN UP WITH COMPANY A. A BARRAGE IS GOING TO BE LAID DOWN HERE AT 1600!
1600? WE ONLY HAVE TWENTY MINUTES TO CLEAR THE AREA!

WITH FIRE FROM THEIR MACHINE GUNS COVERING THEIR MOVEMENTS, COMPANY B MADE ITS WAY TO THE COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF THE WOODS AND WAS SOON ON THE MARCH TOWARD COMPANY A...
THERE GOES THE BARRAGE! WE JUST MADE IT!
GLAD WE GOT OUT OF THERE WHEN WE DID!

I HOPE WE CAN PICK UP STOGIE ON THE WAY...
YEAH... IF HE'S ALIVE!
U.S.

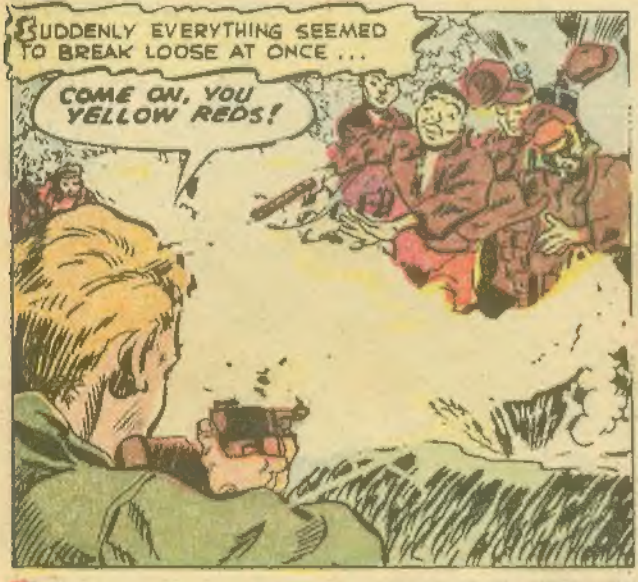
HEY! LOOK! IT'S STOGIE! AND HE'S ALL RIGHT!

WHAT HAPPENED, STOGIE? HOW'D YOU MANAGE?
EASY! WHILE THE REDS WERE CORNERING YOU GUYS I LOADED MY CIGARS WITH DRY LEAVES THAT CREATED A SMOKE SCREEN — AN' THEN I LET OUT A GROAN SO THEY'D FIND ME.

YOU GOT THE COMPANY OUT OF A HOT SPOT, STOGIE!
YEAH.. BUT LOOK WHAT IT DID TO MY BEST CIGARS!
YOU JUST GET A GOOD REST AT THE FIELD HOSPITAL, STOGIE! WE'LL BUY YOU A HUNDRED FIVE-CENTERS!

SOME TIME LATER, COMPANY B MADE CONTACT WITH COMPANY A. THE COMBINED FORCES PREPARED TO STAND OFF THE EXPECTED ENEMY ATTACK.

WAITING.. WAITING.. WAITING... IF IT'S NOT ONE PLACE, IT'S ANOTHER! WHAT A WAR!
GEE.. I MISS STOGIE! FUNNY.. I WOULDN'T EVEN MIND SMELLIN' ONE OF HIS CIGARS RIGHT NOW!



LATER.. IN A HOSPITAL TENT...

I'M PUTTING YOU BOYS IN FOR A COMMENDATION! WE JUST GOT WORD FROM DIVISION HEADQUARTERS THAT THE MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH WAS PUSHED BACK LARGELY BECAUSE WE WERE ABLE TO HOLD OFF HERE. AND NONE OF THAT WOULD'VE BEEN POSSIBLE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T MANAGED TO GET BACK TO US THE WAY YOU DID!

O'Brien was bursting with confidence, and awaiting his chance to start settling the score with the enemy. Two North Korean riflemen suddenly sprang up from the ground and made a dash toward the tank O'Brien had lately deserted. His automatic came up. His first sent one of the North Koreans into a nose dive. The other one whirled aside, and O'Brien took two shots to put him out of action.

The tank was on higher ground and only twenty yards away, so O'Brien decided to make a dash for it. His heart seemed to pound louder than his feet as he ran, but when he dropped beside the rear of the tank he regained his breath quickly. There was no mistaking that the two Koreans he had shot were dead. At first he thought he might crawl out and take their rifles, but then a better idea came to him.

A hundred yards back and a good fifty yards off to the East his Marine buddies had pinned down the North Koreans with accurate rifle fire. They could hold the Reds until the latter brought up mortars and lobbed shells into the Marines' position. But the tank was on higher ground, and would command a better view of the enemy, so Private O'Brien leaped up its side and dropped down the hatch.

Just as he got the machine gun into position on the rim of the hatch, Red mortars opened fire. O'Brien's buddies were too low to see the mortar positions, but they fell easily within his view. He fired a long burst that swept three Reds to the ground behind one mortar, then swung his machine gun over to cut down the second mortar crew as they turned to flee.

But less than seventy yards away, screened by a low mound of earth, an enemy field gun belched flame. It was almost point-blank range, and O'Brien was literally staring death in the face. He felt the swish of air as the shell whizzed harmlessly past the side of the tank, but he wasn't giving the Reds a chance to reload. O'Brien flung himself over the side of the tank and scrambled back to his shallow trench.

He thought the Reds must have seen his hasty retreat, for they didn't fire again at the tank. But a second later O'Brien knew why the Reds were no longer concerned with either the tank or with him. Three Corsairs were tearing down through the clouds. Dark shapes spilled from their bellies, and the enemy positions were rocked by heavy explosions. The Marine bombers were gone when the smoke had cleared, and not even a rifle shot came from the enemy-held ground.

O'Brien sprang to his feet, waving his pistol and shouting to catch the attention of the Marines who began showing themselves from the cover beyond. "Catch 'em while they're groggy! Let's go, men!" Private George O'Brien yelled. A stiff breeze carried his voice. But O'Brien could hardly believe his eyes as they rushed forward on the double to join him.

He didn't wait for support. When the nearest Marine was thirty yards away, O'Brien began moving toward the Red lines. A lone machine gun sprayed bullets on the ground ahead of him. He dropped, crawled a few yards to the left then sprang back to his feet. The crackling of rifles behind told him that his buddies had spotted the machine gun and were concentrating their fire on it.

George O'Brien was the first Marine over the low ridge that protected the Reds' position. He dropped to his knees and emptied the clip of his automatic at a trio of fleeing Reds, dropping them dead in their tracks. Instead of bothering to reload, he grabbed a North Korean rifle, set the sights for fifty yards and fired each time a North Korean head showed.

But in another minute Private O'Brien saw his buddies advancing ahead of him, pausing only long enough to fire a rifle or hurl a grenade. It sent a thrill through the tank repairman as he recognized faces of the men he knew.

The bombers had covered the ground well, but all the fight hadn't been knocked out of the surviving Reds. From behind a pile of rocks almost a hundred yards to the West an enemy machine gun opened fire on the exposed Marines. Just as O'Brien saw what was happening, Lieutenant Wagner dropped to the ground behind him.

"That's wicked!" the lieutenant muttered. "Those devils with that gun were just waiting for our men to expose themselves. But you've done a wonderful job, Private O'Brien. I can't ask you to crawl up on that machine gun nest for I see you haven't any grenades."

"I have a pistol, Sir, an' it's loaded!" O'Brien replied as he scrambled away.

He saw by the lay of the land ahead that if he swung around to the left he might approach the machine gun nest without being observed. His guess was correct, and soon he could make out the heads of the North Koreans as they were engaged in feeding fresh ammunition into their gun. Had they turned their heads slightly they might have seen him as he leaped toward them. He came in shooting, and the last of the three didn't have a chance to raise a grenade before O'Brien put a bullet in his chest.

Recklessly O'Brien leaped to the top of the sandbags and waved both hands to draw the attention of his buddies. One of them mistook him for a Red, and sent a shot whizzing past his ear.

But the mopping-up operation was over after O'Brien's heroic feat. A group of about a dozen Marines led by Lieutenant Wagner were jogging toward him.

Lieutenant Wagner pushed back his helmet and scratched his head. "Somewhere along the line they slipped up in classifying you, O'Brien. They should have taken the wrenches away from you a year ago, and put a gun in your hands."

"Maybe they will for the rest of the war," O'Brien said, looking at the lieutenant earnestly.

"Yes," the officer said as his glance swept the grinning faces of the Marines around him. "Yes, I think they will, O'Brien!"

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